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OF
THE PENITENCE AND DEATH
OF
THE NOTORIOUS M^{RS.} D***.

BY THE
REV. HENRY REVELL, M.A.
AUTHOR OF ESSAYS AND SERMONS, &c.



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PREFACE.

THE great end of writing is to convey useful knowledge and sound learning, by the most pleasing arts and seductive allurements. To betray the curious unwittingly into the discipline of morality, or the casual listener into the school and practice of divinity, is an event which is ever regarded by the writer and preacher as a satisfactory recompence to all their labours. The sager maxims of life, correct remarks in the science of self-knowledge and divinity, are often found in works which make no pretensions to more

than common sagacity. A humble piece of biography like the present may, it is hoped, answer such ends and meet such expectations. Repentance, piety, and humility, are here embodied in a reality and freshness, set out with a peculiar expression from past and varied depravity. Genius appears only in true beauty and original grace, when roused from the sleep of sin, and disarmed of those terrors which strike and terrify the beholder.

The subject of the following Memoir, was a woman of singular genius no less than of exquisite beauty. Her conversations exhibit a depth of thought and elegance of expression, unequalled in the annals of theological biography. These have been recorded with the utmost fidelity, and are left unmixed with the Author's conversations and exhortations. He has through-

out only acted the part of an accurate reporter, and, perhaps, faithful minister. Still, however, he has not lost the opportunity of conveying to the Reader sound religious knowledge by the way of reflection and commentaries on her extraordinary conversations. The Author has endeavoured to instruct as well as gratify the reader—to enlighten the understanding and to touch the heart.

NARRATIVE,

&c.

IN the second week of August 1830, I was informed by a person, who was in the habit of giving me similar notices, that a lady who lived in Park Street, Camden Town, was extremely anxious to see a clergyman. I went and was shown up stairs by the lady of the house, who, with Miss F., a female boarder in the family from ill health, constituted in addition to the sick lady and her servant, the party convened for instruction. At this time I did not even know the names, much less the circumstances, of any of the parties. The sick person was in the

last stage of consumption and confined to her bed, in which situation I always found her. The disease had greatly emaciated her figure, but seemed to have made but little alteration in her face, which was very beautiful and of an oval shape. Her manners were particularly elegant and engaging, and a very pleasing smile gave great vivacity to the expression of her countenance. Her complexion was very fair and her eyes blue, which received additional lustre from the contrast of her hair, which was very dark. She was in the twenty eighth year of her age.

I took the scriptures, and read from the 4th of St. John's Gospel, our Saviour's discourse with the woman of Samaria. She was all attention, and seemed deeply interested. Being anxious to discover the extent of her knowledge, I put various questions to her, emerging from the subject, none of which she could at all answer. Her ignorance was exactly parallel to that of the poor woman

of Samaria. The meaning of "the living water" promised by Christ, was to her equally a mystery. Forgiveness of sins, she thought, was meant ; which, with similar answers to various questions, clearly bespoke the uneasiness of her mind. I then clearly expounded the whole passage to her, by which she was deeply affected even to tears. Having prayed by her bed side, I left her with a request that she would read and study the Gospel of St. John. I likewise urged her to pray to Christ to give her the Holy Spirit, as he promised to do to the woman of Samaria.

The day after the following I called. She expressed gratitude for my last visit, which she was glad to find that I had resumed. "I was fearful," said she, "that you would not call again, as you did not express your intention of so doing." In reply, I told her that I would visit her three times a week. This seemed to please her very much, for without an-

swering me she turned quickly round to Mrs. K., the lady of the house, and said, "This is exactly what I want." The full meaning of this remark I did not know at the time. But it appears, as she afterwards told me, that she had been visited by two or three different clergymen, who came and administered the sacrament to her, or read the visitation of the sick, but never visited her more than twice. Her anxiety for some clergyman to instruct her by reading the Scriptures and explaining them to her, will appear in the sequel. The parties present at this interview, were Mrs. K., and Miss F. and her servant. I read and expounded part of the 15th of St. John's Gospel, where our Saviour compares himself and disciples to the vine and branches of the same. During the exposition, as before, she was affected to tears. But when I expounded those words, "Every branch that beareth not fruit he taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit he

purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit," she was deeply impressed. I endeavoured forcibly to show her the awful consequence of unfruitfulness, and being cut off a fruitless branch in the midst of our sins ; and at the same time the compassion of God in sparing us, and often making use of our sickness and sorrows as the means of bringing us to repentance. I entered very fully upon this subject, so suited to every person in sickness or affliction. This penetrated her conscience so acutely, that with the deepest humiliation and agitation, she confessed that she had attempted suicide by taking an ounce of laudanum, and that for three whole days she had been given completely over by her medical men. I was dreadfully shocked by such an avowal, pressed on her the necessity of a very deep repentance, and finished my exposition with prayer.

Thinking it my duty to make some inquiry respecting this circumstance, with

which every body in the house seemed to be well acquainted, I said to Mrs. K. down stairs, "I hope no impropriety of conduct is attached to *Mrs. D. that has led to her attempt at suicide." "Certainly not," replied Mrs. K., in a manner which impressed me that she was shocked at my entertaining such an idea, "nothing else but her great extravagance." She then informed me that she had taken lodgings at her house for the air, which was so suited for consumptive patients; that her husband was in Paris upon business; that he had an estate in Hampshire, where they used to reside; that he had taken farewell of his wife, who was given over by her medical men.

She had taken the poison, as I learned from Mrs. K., when she was perfectly in her senses. She applied to a chemist for an ounce of laudanum to be used with an embrocation for a sick friend of hers.

* Mrs. Witty went by the name of Mrs. D. and I always spoke and wrote to her by that name.

She with the utmost coolness ordered her servant to bring up supper as usual: Just before her servant brought up refreshment, she took the whole ounce of laudanum; and upon her maid entering the room, she said, "It is done,—you may take away." Her servant replied, "What is done? what is done?"—"I shall have no occasion," resumed Mrs. D., "for any supper. These ear-rings," said she, taking them off her ears, for which she had paid seven guineas a fortnight before, "are yours." Upon her servant declining to receive them, she quietly pulled them with her fingers into a thousand pieces. She then confessed to her servant that she had poisoned herself to an extent beyond possibility of recovery. Her servant rushed out of the house in the greatest agitation, and brought two or three medical men; by the time they arrived, she was perfectly insensible from the effects of the poison: one side of her face was completely fixed in death. The

stomach-pump was immediately applied. Every hope of her recovery was completely given up; but by forcing great quantities of mustard into the stomach, incessant vomiting was kept up, and after three days she began slightly to recover. So entirely was she given over for death, that an application was made at Mary-le-bone Office for an inquest to be held on her body. One of her eyes for a considerable time continued fixed, and was expected never to be restored. At length, however, she was recovered with the entire use of all her limbs and the restoration of the eye, which was supposed to be closed in death.

This account was afterwards confirmed by herself to me. The real cause which led to this will appear in the sequel; but as it is my intention to develope, with the utmost exactness, every circumstance as it unfolded itself to me, I shall not anticipate any thing but what is absolutely necessary for the reader's com-

prehension. The poisoning scene, as she herself termed it, took place about a year and a quarter before I visited her. It made not the slightest religious impression at the time—though, when she began to reflect on the subject, it affected her very deeply, and filled her with horror at her guilt, as she did it with the utmost deliberation, and in the most perfect possession of her senses.

The reflections which I entertained upon this *exposé*, must be those which suggest themselves to the reader. I considered, with what little knowledge I had of her, that hers was no ordinary case, but such as to call forth the greatest watchfulness and skill on my part. “If God,” thought I to myself, “perfects the work of repentance which he seems to have begun, she will be a singular instance both of mercy and providence.” I little thought at this time, that the person before me was one of unbounded depravity, who was guilty of every sin that

it was possible for her sex to commit. I may here remark, that I consider it an act of infinite mercy and wisdom on the part of God, that the extent of her guilt was gradually made known to me. As I became acquainted with her guilt, I enforced a corresponding humiliation and repentance, which, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, I found was realized. But the reader must excuse my honestly confessing that this is but a part of my ideas upon the subject. So singular a case as the one before us may justify my making a singular confession. From the first time I visited her, I took so lively an interest in her, so solicitous was I for the salvation of her soul, that I completely identified myself with her in every confession she made to me. I declare solemnly, in the presence of almighty God, that I felt her sins as though they were my own; that I repented for her and with her in all her repentance, and that my humiliation on account of her sins

was as great as her own. The pious reader then may well understand that it was a great mercy in my gradually becoming acquainted with the full extent of her guilt.

I found that she used to expect my visits with the greatest impatience and anxiety for instruction. In my next visit I questioned her as to her practice in religious observances before I visited her. She told me, that for a month before I came, Mrs. K., Miss F. and herself, used to have family prayers. Their practice was to read the whole of the evening service, with the Psalms and lessons for the day. I then examined her as to her real knowledge, to ascertain whether she had received distinct ideas on religion by my instructions. But I found that she did not possess a single definite and distinct idea on the subject. Upon my asking her whether she prayed, she told me that she very often did. I then asked her for what she prayed? She

replied, for mercy and forgiveness : she said this with many tears. I asked her in what way that mercy was exercised, and how God pardoned sinners ? She could not in the least answer me, nor did she ever mention the name of Christ. This ignorance did not arise from want of instruction on my part, as I distinctly and perspicuously stated the scheme of redemption by Jesus Christ. I then read and expounded the third chapter of St. John's gospel : in this I distinctly showed her the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and of obtaining forgiveness of sins through the propitiatory sacrifice of Jesus Christ. I addressed my prayer, after exposition, exclusively to Christ, in order to fix her attention on the Son of God. I begged her to store up in her memory my prayers, in order to use them in my absence—to be extremely definite and distinct in her petitions, and to address them exclusively to Jesus Christ. Miss F., who happened

to be in the room, said, "There, my dear, did I not tell you to pray in that manner?" She seemed pleased at being recommended the same thing by different individuals. She promised to obey me. The reader will find in the sequel, how necessary this advice was. Some may doubt the fact—but nevertheless, it is most true, according to her own confession—that she did not so much as know that Christ was a divine person, much less that he had died for the sins of the world. She knew, as she afterwards confessed, that such a person had existed, as any king she had read of in history, but she had no knowledge of anything respecting him. And when an old gentleman asked her whether she knew what it was to be a believer in Christ, she could not understand what he could mean by such a question, and why she should believe in Christ more than any person else, as she believed in God.

In my next visit I made still greater inquiries respecting her state of mind previous to my visiting her. I found that her reading had been confined entirely to the Prayer Book ; that for four or five months previous to my visiting her, she had been anxious respecting her soul. She told me, that the 6th, 38th, and 51st psalms, particularly struck her, and she used to be often reading them and using them as prayers. The reader will find, in the sequel, her conversation on this subject, when she freely communicated to me all her thoughts. She used often to get her servant out of the way, that she might kneel down and pray by her chair for mercy and pardon. She used to feel gloomy, melancholy, and dejected, upon reflecting on her past life. Her agitation, she assured me, had been so great, that she literally trembled and shook in her bed. Her conviction of sin, she told me, kept increasing ; but she had this determination, to use her

very words, "that if there was a way for her to be saved, she was determined to find it out." It was this principle which induced her to send for clergymen. She sometimes thought that it was quite impossible for her to be saved. Her knowledge only was, that she believed that God was merciful, but whether his mercy would include her, she did not know. She told me that she fancied that we were saved by our good works, and that, as she had none, she could not conceive how it was possible for her to be saved; as she never should have it in her power to do any good works, for she should never get well to do them. She told me that her anxiety and uneasiness was more than she could describe; she had, to use her own words, "quite a craving to be taught." She told me that she thought *at first* it would be a very easy thing to obtain mercy; that she had merely to say a few prayers and read the visitation of the sick, and it would be

quite enough to save her. What increased her desire for instruction was, her inability to understand the texts which she looked out of the scriptures, from a little reference-book given her by the old gentleman already alluded to. She gave up this practice quite as hopeless, as the texts were quite incomprehensible to her. She did not know that there were the Old and New Testament, but thought that they were one book with different titles—she always used the expression “51st chapter of the Psalms.” The impression on my mind too is, that she did not know that the scriptures contained the revealed will of God. She told me when I first visited her, during the first fortnight, she used to long to ask me the most simple and childish question ; but shame of exposing her ignorance prevented her.

During this fortnight, I had the greatest difficulty in making her comprehend the elements of Christianity. This led me to

think that she was remarkably dull and of slender capacity. Miss F. assured me, however, that she found her very quick and clever on other subjects. I used frequently to wish that she had as good an understanding as some very poor people whom I had instructed, and who were adepts in religion. I endeavoured to beat the ideas into her head which I found she was so slow in receiving. This stupidity, however, though it was afterwards succeeded by the most astonishing quickness of perception, the most retentive memory, and even profoundest thoughts and knowledge in divinity, does not in the least now surprise me. As she was completely ignorant of the person of Christ, and the object of his mission, as well as every thing connected with religion, but the immortality of the soul and future judgment, I feel fully convinced that she did not understand any of the necessary terms, which, however sparingly used, I was obliged to

employ. In my first exposition, when I explained the meaning of the living waters, that our Saviour meant thereby the Holy Spirit, her ignorance rendered her equally incapable of understanding the solution of the enigma. "Holy Spirit" was to her as mysterious as the term "living waters," as she did not know of the doctrine of the Trinity, or the meaning of the term itself. The terms redemption, atonement, justification, sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ on the conscience to cleanse it from the guilt of sins, were expressions to her still more incomprehensible. It was this which made her so anxious to ask the most childish question. Her ignorance of the divinity of Christ, led her to wonder at my requesting her to pray to him. She told me that it was only in obedience to me that she first prayed to Christ, as she had no confidence in his power. "It was some time," said she to me, "before I could pray to Christ—I

always used to feel a great hesitation in doing so, and when I did, I always added the name of the Father, as I did not know he was God." She told me that the subject broke upon her mind all at once, and then she clearly understood every thing.

Nor let the reader be surprised at the rapidity with which she embraced the saving doctrines of the gospel, when she had once clearly comprehended their meaning. Her heart was already tutored by God himself, and she only wanted the light of the gospel to break in upon her soul. She was painfully convinced of sin before I visited her; the grand impression was already made, and it only remained for me to set before her "the unsearchable riches of Christ," and lead her to the Saviour. The breathless anxiety with which she used to listen to my instructions, and the tearful eye, as the words touched her heart, could leave no doubt as to the ultimate success of my

labours. But if, with all her eagerness for instruction, all her conviction of sin, I still had such difficulty in leading her into the way of life ; how insurmountable would have been the obstacles, had her mind been unconvinced of sin, or warped by prejudice !

The utmost that the minister can do is to communicate distinct knowledge to the mind, and enlighten the understanding. But as certain moral principles and a due excitement of the affections are to be raised through the medium of right knowledge, some higher power is necessary to touch the heart, and purify the passions. Right knowledge, it is true, is as necessary for the salvation of the soul, as the preparation of the heart, which is from the Lord ; not to mention that this knowledge has a plastic power over the soul in regulating those affections, and giving them a proper impetus and direction. Real religion consists in the powers of the mind, as well as affections of the

heart. Error in the intellect will be accompanied with a corresponding viciousness in the affections and moral principles in the human soul. Right knowledge, then, we may be assured, must ever attend and regulate right feelings, or else the affections will run to waste with all their vagrancy and capriciousness. How often have serious impressions and even convictions of sin, entirely worn away, from want of distinct knowledge of the mysteries of the Christian faith! Had not the peculiar doctrines, in which our salvation is involved, been communicated to the subject of these present reflections, her uneasiness would probably have worn away with the insidious progressiveness of her disorder. That apathy so common to the dying would have accompanied the languor of the disease, and a callous indifference succeeded to a wholesome vigilance and fear. But that knowledge which gave a wise direction to her feel-

ings, likewise preserved her repentance and deepened her humiliation—it at once raised and humbled her. The justness of these remarks will receive a happy illustration from the subject of this memoir. Her repentance and humiliation, the reader will find, kept pace with a just perception of the doctrines of the Christian faith. Her enviable state of mind arose from a happy combination of deep impression and oral instruction; the former effected by the divine power, and the latter by the kind providence of the Almighty. The same God of mercy who touched and opened her heart, likewise brought the humble instrument that taught and enlightened her.

The other chapters which I expounded to her during the first fortnight, were the 10th chapter of St. John's gospel, the 51st Psalm, and the parable of the Prodigal Son. She was very deeply affected at each exposition, and was particularly struck with our Lord's parable of the

Shepherd and the Sheep. I used still in my prayers to address myself exclusively to Jesus Christ, and exhort her to collect the ideas I gave her to use them in her private devotions. I likewise put her in the way of turning the scriptures into prayer, especially those parts which I expounded to her.

Unless our knowledge leads us at once into communion with God, our religion, at best, is barren speculation. It is by *prayer* alone that the most impressive sermon, or the most pathetic parables of Christ, can be rendered edifying and instructive. When the soul is duly alive to God, it readily turns the words of the instructor into pious prayer, and secret ejaculations. Vacancy of mind, or at least apathy, will accompany the most pathetic exhortation, unless it is cherished in the heart by prayer and meditation. "The secret of the Lord" is the secret of real religion, and consists in spontaneity of prayer, and freshness of feeling,

when the great theme of human redemption is the subject of discussion, or the topic of conversation. What benefit can be derived from our knowledge that Christ is the shepherd and his disciples his sheep, unless we pray individually that we may be his sheep, hear his voice, and enter into his fold and be saved? As knowledge is communicated to the understanding, prayer alone, under the influence of the Spirit, can render it "health to the navel and marrow to the bones." From my first to my last visit, I endeavoured to instil into her a divine skill in making, by prayer, all the knowledge I communicated to her entirely her own. Vague and indefinite ideas in prayer, were likewise reprobated by me as being vain and nugatory, and calculated to leave the soul barren and unfruitful, after the usage of a few fleeting and shadowy forms of expression.

That these reflections and exhortations were not lost upon her, the reader will

find from the following paper, which in the beginning of the third week she put into my hand, with a request to know from me, whether such a mode of turning the scriptures into prayer was what I meant. Miss F., who was in the room, told me that she felt diffidence in expressing herself by word, and that she had therefore resorted to the present mode of communicating her thoughts.

“ From the 15th of John’s Gospel.

“ I prayed that Christ might be my vine, and that God might be my husbandman. I prayed Christ to give me a new life, that I might become a good and faithful branch of the vine. I prayed Christ to be my comforter, and to give me a spirit of truth, that I might live in him, and bear such fruit as to glorify the Father. I also prayed fervently that he would give me grace, and strength to keep his commandments, that I might abide in his love.

“ 10th of John.

“I prayed Christ to be my shepherd, and to give me spiritual grace, that I might enter in at the right door, and be plentifully fed with his pasture — that he would be in me a well of water, so that my thirst might be quenched, and that I might through it gain an everlasting life. I begged Christ to be my light and life, and to keep the *wolf* and all other *beasts of prey* from me. I meant by ‘other *beasts of prey*,’ those persons who would talk to me on any other subject than the one that at present fills my whole soul, which is how to get to God. I had also in my mind at the same time, my *vile* and passionate temper. And I begged, nay, prayed fervently from the heart, that if I was not yet one of his sheep, that he would in pity and of his great mercy call me to the fold, that I might hear his voice and know it—and that he would be my good shepherd and know me—that he

would give me eternal life and not let me perish."

The above is a correct copy of the paper she put into my hands. The words printed in italics were written with a line drawn underneath them. The reader must be struck with the extreme simplicity and integrity displayed in the above paper. Her deep earnestness is likewise marked by the expression, "subject which fills my whole soul." The practical application to herself of the different points in the chapters, is likewise observable. But by this expression of the "vileness of her temper," a new light was thrown upon her character, while her un-called-for frankness convinced me deeply of her sincerity. If there is any one part of our characters which we are anxious to conceal from those of our opposite sex, it is temper. I questioned her on the point, and she told me that her temper was dreadfully bad, and that before Miss F. gave her encouragement, she

thought that it would be in vain to endeavour to be religious. "I spoke," said she to me, "to Miss F., and told her that I was anxious to be religious, but that I feared it would be impossible on account of my temper. Miss F., however, Sir, assured me, that her own temper was equally bad by nature, but by prayer and assistance of God's Spirit, she had much mastered it. This, Sir, is great encouragement; for if Miss F. has subdued her temper, why should not I?"

One or two circumstances will be mentioned as illustrative of this virago in temper, whom grace subdued to the meekness of a lamb. Suffice it to say, that she used to throw herself into the most violent paroxysms of rage from the most trivial circumstances. There are two reflections that suggest themselves to me, which I will put to the reader. The first is, that an unsubdued temper is perfectly inconsistent with true piety; and the second is, that a bad temper with a

profession of religion, is a character doubly deformed.

The reader will likewise see, from the paper she gave me, that she possessed that definite and distinct knowledge on the subject of religion, which I was so anxious to communicate. When we begin sincerely to pray to Christ to be our light and our life, as she did, we then pray, and only then, to the purpose. She had now got upon the right train of thinking and praying—her attention was fixed on the proper object, which drew her attention from every earthly subject. “If I be raised up, I will draw all men unto me,” were words which were remarkably verified in the case before us. To view Christ in his mediatorial glories, as I presented him to her, was for her but to pursue and embrace him. She sought Christ with an intense earnestness, and received readily every thing I taught her. Her repentance deepened, and became more of an enlightened cast, as the mysteries of the

In the beginning of the fifth week, she expressed a wish to receive the sacrament. I began to prepare her for the receiving of it, by reading and expounding the 6th of St. John's gospel, and explaining very fully the nature of that holy ordinance. She received my instructions with increased avidity and satisfaction, and used to look forward to my visits with great impatience. I had now visited her five weeks; her repentance was deep and genuine, accompanied with a proper spirit of prayer; her mind too was now enlightened by the truth of the Gospel, which she had embraced, and which she employed as materials for prayer, and deepening her repentance. Under these circumstances, I considered myself justified in administering the sacrament. Friday was fixed for the administration of that holy ordinance. I had already taken, as the reader may well conceive, a deep and lively interest in her; she was much in my thoughts and prayers,

and I used to look forward with singular pleasure for the time when I visited her. In reviewing what little I knew of her past life, I considered that there must be some strong exciting cause which led her, in full possession of her senses, to attempt suicide. Though this had been attributed to her boundless extravagance and dissipation, and my suspicions had been removed by the pointed denial of Mrs. K., yet I began to feel very uneasy upon the subject. I had only considered her as one who had been spoilt by admiration and dissipation, and whom a pressing disease had alarmed to a sense of her danger. Though her manners were extremely lady-like, and far removed from anything that led me to suspect her, yet a want of respect shown her by her servant, coupled with her confession, made me think all was not right. This conduct of her servant I had just learnt from Miss F., though nothing of the kind was ever exhibited in my presence. Her own

voluntary confession of so great a sin as an attempt at self-murder, I considered fully justified me in asking such a candidate for the reception of the sacrament a few questions respecting it. Miss F. prepared her for the question, and informed her of my intention.

The eventful Friday, September 18, came, when I was to administer the sacrament. Miss F. intended to be one of the communicants. I went up stairs alone to make the inquiries I intended, when the substance of the following conversation took place. "Before, Mrs. D., I administer the sacrament to you, which I shall do with much pleasure, I think it my duty to make some inquiry respecting that extraordinary confession which you so voluntarily have made me. I am very far from wishing to pry into family grievances; but of course, as a man of the world, I am aware that such an act could only have been brought about by a corresponding cause. I have no right, nor

have I any desire, to know that cause; but as a minister of religion about to administer the sacrament to the person who has made such a confession, I am in duty bound, to ask the communicant whether "impropriety of conduct has led to it. Permit me then, madam," I continued with utmost gentleness, "to ask you, has impropriety of conduct led you to commit that rash act.?"—"No, Sir," she replied, "not at all, but only my boundless extravagance, and a desire to be revenged on a person—to make him miserable for life." "I hope, I replied, you perfectly understand me." "Yes," said she, "I perfectly understand you; nor am I insensible to the delicacy with which you ask the question." "Once for all then, I resumed, I am to understand from you that impropriety of conduct is not to be attached to you." "No, Sir," she replied, "not at all." "I am very happy," I replied, "to hear you say so, and I shall administer the sacrament to

you with the greatest pleasure. I hope you are sensible of the propriety of the liberty I have taken." She answered, "Perfectly." I sent for Miss F. to join; according to her wish, in the service. When she came into the room, I considered it my duty to remove every suspicion that might unjustly be fixed in her mind respecting Mrs. D. While I was arranging the table, and the elements of bread and wine, I said, "I am happy to inform you that no impropriety of conduct is to be attached to Mrs. D."

I then administered the sacrament to her and Miss F. Her explanation led me to think that she had been very extravagant, and that she had taken poison out of pique to her husband, who would no longer yield to her demands on his purse, or from some quarrel with him. After I had administered the sacrament, when I was about to leave the house, Miss F. called me aside, and told me she wanted to speak to me. "I feel it, Sir," said

she, "to be my painful duty to inform you, that Mrs. D. has most grossly deceived you, and that she is an adulteress. This I know for certain. I thought, of course, that she would make a candid confession of her case to you before she partook of the elements. Mrs. D. is not her proper name, but that of the gentleman who now supports her in her illness. She has lived with more than one or two different gentlemen, and that is the true state of the case. For the confirmation of this, I must beg leave to refer you to Mrs. K., who is well acquainted with her history." I immediately questioned Mrs. K. on the subject, who admitted the truth, and told me that if I liked, she would put me in the way of learning every thing about her. I then strongly reproved her for deceiving me when I had before questioned her on the subject. But this she concealed from me from fear, lest I should discontinue my visits, and lest I should think that she had knowing-

ly received an inmate of Mrs. D.'s character into her house.

The reader may conceive how dreadfully I was shocked by the gross deception practised on me by all parties. Miss F., however, was least to blame, as she had only learnt it a day or two from Mrs. K., who told her the circumstance, when she heard that Mrs. D. was going to receive the sacrament. I instantly returned to the sick person's chamber, and said, "I still, Mrs. D., do not feel satisfied with the answer you gave me; it is possible you may not have understood me. You must therefore pardon my asking you in very plain terms, have you been guilty of adultery?" She was instantly much agitated, and said; "Yes, Sir, I have; that has been my great sin which has led to all my other sins." Then in a hurried manner she added, "Mrs. K. has told you to ask me, has she not?" "No, ma'am," I replied, "the suspicions have originated entirely with myself.

But why have you concealed your sin from me—did you not understand my question?" "O, yes, Sir," she said, "I perfectly understood you—it was *shame, shame* which prevented me telling you. I have several times been on the point of confessing my great sin to you, and throwing myself entirely on your mercy; but shame prevented me. That is my great sin, of which I so bitterly repent before God. But, O Sir, do not expose me to Mrs. K." "But how could you," said I, "take the sacrament with such a wilful lie in your mouth?—consider the deep hypocrisy you have practised. Did you conceal your sin from me in order to gain my good opinion of you, or did you think I should forsake you when I discovered your character." "O no, Sir," she replied, "I thought you too good to do that—it was shame and fear. When you spoke of my innocence to Miss F. it was a dagger that pierced my soul, and I was several times, during the sacra-

ment, on the point of calling out to you to stop." I then very solemnly showed her the great sin of which she had just been guilty, in taking the sacrament with a lie in her mouth, and the hypocrisy she had practised. I endeavoured to show her how suspicious the genuineness of her repentance appeared; and having exhorted her to a very deep humiliation, I left her suitably impressed.

Although I was dreadfully shocked both at the *exposé* of her character, and more especially at the circumstances under which it was made known to me, my conviction of the genuineness of her repentance was not at all impaired. I had sufficient penetration to see that a real work of repentance had begun. I well weighed the gradual workings of her own mind, arriving at length to deep conviction of sin before I visited her—her eagerness and avidity for instruction—her lively sensibility to the truths of the gospel—her prayers, her apprehension, at

length, of the doctrines of our religion; these I considered as testimonies of a genuine repentance which overbalanced the suspicious circumstance which had transpired. Her sense of shame was exquisite to a degree which quite astonished me — this, while it was a fruit of her repentance, was the occasion of obscuring it for a season.

But I have now to introduce the reader to a circumstance still more painful, which filled me with an anguish quite indescribable. Only those who have known what it is nearly to lose for ever those whom they have cherished in their hearts, and nurtured by their instruction, can at all enter into my feelings. I was as near losing her for ever as it is possible for one of Christ's sheep to be lost; but God and his Christ enabled me to save her by my prayers. On the Saturday after I had administered the sacrament I called, but she would not see me! The minister of God alone can conceive what

I felt—it was the sympathy of Jesus Christ. Her servant, who had been, as I afterwards found, her companion in her infamy, and who possessed an unlimited control over her, was enraged against me beyond description. The house could hardly contain her : “I was no gentleman :”—“ nay, she was convinced that I was not a real clergyman.”—“I was a catholic priest :”—“ what ! confession in the church of England ;”—“he shall never see my mistress again.” These were the expressions which were continually in her mouth. Her medical man too (a young Æsculapius who knew nothing of his honourable profession but the labelling of his bottles) confirmed the opinion of her servant. He could not allow any patient of his to submit to such ungentlemanly conduct—he could not answer for the consequences of such excitement and agitation—he was surprised at a woman of her spirit submitting to a priest, who had gone far beyond his authority. He

therefore must insist upon my discontinuing my visits. Her female friends, likewise, who happened to call, strongly reprobated every thing in the shape of confession. "You do not know what you may be called upon next to confess; what comfort can he be now to you—he will make you wretched. My dear, we must obey our medical man: you have learnt all that you want from him, and have taken the sacrament—what do you want more?" She was thus prevailed upon to deny my visits.

I called again on Monday morning, but with no better success. I saw Miss F. on the subject. She told me how completely Mrs. D.'s mind had been turned against me by those about her. "Mrs. D. wishes, Sir, to write to you upon the subject, and wants your name and address." "I am not in the habit," I replied, "of corresponding with any sick person whom I visit, and as I feel satisfied that I have acted with the utmost pro-

priety, I do not consider any letters of explanation are at all necessary. I therefore must decline giving my address or receiving any letter of vindication from Mrs. D." The letter Miss F. told me had been begun by Mrs. D.

I called again on Tuesday, in the middle of the day. Miss F. had informed her that I did not wish to have any letter from her upon the subject. She still declined seeing me. I felt that this was the critical point when the genuineness of her repentance was to be determined. I was well aware that she must be going rapidly back, that every day widened the breach between us; therefore I determined not to leave the house without seeing her. I found she would not yield to me; in order to save her, therefore, I humbled myself to her. I wrote in the house a small note, which I sent up by Miss F., requesting that as I had called several times to no purpose, she would allow me to see her. I did not give her

time to answer the note, but being assured by Miss F. that I could enter her room with propriety, without permission I entered it. The note was in her hand, and her desk by her side, as if she knew not what to answer. She bowed as I entered, but without her usual smile of welcome. I made every apology for the liberty I had taken in entering her room without her leave, and hoped that my extreme anxiety for her welfare would justify my conduct. I then told her that I was much surprised that her conduct should have become so suddenly changed towards me, as I had left her perfectly satisfied with the propriety of what I had done. I then took the rubric and showed her that it was the duty of the clergy to see that "a notorious evil doer" well repented of his sins before he received the sacrament. I showed likewise how fully I was justified from her own confession, and from the conduct of her servant, in asking the question I did. I

pointed out, likewise, the delicacy and tenderness with which I had treated her. I implored her not to listen to any other adviser in the world but myself. She began to be affected. I then instantly touched upon the suspicious appearance of her repentance. "I am sure," said she in tears, "that my repentance is sincere," and then instantly checking herself, with hesitation she said, "I hope it is." The manner and tone of voice with which she said this put joy in my heart. A little indescribable circumstance like this, which the man of observation can mark, will often produce a satisfaction and conviction superior to all protestations and expressions. "I feel, Sir, I hope, grateful for your past instructions ; but I do not see what further advantage I can derive from them after what has passed. I shall for the future give up all human aid, and look to God alone for instruction." I then asked her from whom she had derived her present knowledge of religion,

whether it was not received from me. I then showed her how faith came by hearing; that ministers were set apart by God to teach and perfect the work of repentance. I pointed out the danger she was under if left to herself and her own musings. I then said, "shall I, or will you allow me to read and pray as before?" She thanked me, and begged I would. I then read the second of Ephesians, which I had previously expounded. I merely pointed out how extremely applicable the various passages were to her. I then prayed by her bed-side. After prayer there was a strong reaction on her mind. I had hardly finished when she said, "Oh! Sir, this is the kindest of all your kind acts: I take this to be the kindest of them all. I hope you will visit me as before." I promised to do so. When she became more confidential towards me, she explained her feelings at this interview. "I shall never" said she "forget the manner with which you asked me whether you

should read as before—it penetrated my very soul ; I felt that I could not refuse you. Towards the conclusion of the prayer I felt completely overpowered, and my heart quite changed to you as before.”

Upon my return home, I felt very anxious to confirm the impression I had already made, and to guard her against a relapse. My anxiety stimulated me to every kind of exertion, nor did I relax in prayer for her, while I endeavoured to perfect the work I had so happily begun. For this purpose, in the course of the evening, I sent her the following letter.

“Tuesday evening, Sept. 22nd, 1830.
28, Burton Crescent.

“Madam,

“I feel so extremely interested and anxious for your welfare, that I cannot help writing to you upon the subject about which I have just spoken to you. I wish entirely to erase from your mind, the least irritability of feeling towards me. Believe me that all language is incapable of defining the extreme anxiety I feel

for you. As you value your eternal interests, turn a deaf ear to all your acquaintances. I tremble lest they or your own pride, should alter that state of mind in which I have just left you. There are three points to which I wish to direct your attention. The first is, that I have rather acted under my duty in deferring to put the question I did to you, which well-grounded suspicions warranted me in putting. The rubric and canons of our church, distinctly specify that it is our duty to see that partakers of the communion are not 'notorious evil doers,' and if they are, that they truly repent. 'If we receive it unworthily, we eat and drink our own damnation.' Had I known your real case before communion, I should have waited some few days till your repentance, in my poor judgment, should warrant me in giving it. But, awful to think! you partook of that sacred ordinance, giving me a distinct and deliberate lie, by affirming your innocence. Were you not guilty, I ask you before God, of 'lying and hypocrisy?' My charge, then, of a very awful lie and deception is just to the very letter. With regard to prying into your character, let me observe that the information has been given me without my seeking it. The person gave

me your history, unsolicited, out of respect to me. Once for all, let me observe that the lady of the house (I forget her name) did not give me the information; neither did my suspicions arise from any thing she has said to me. The reason why I thought you denied the crime laid to you was, that you might appear in as favourable a light as you could to me. I was obliged to think this of you, or that you were a disgusting hypocrite. I ask you then, whether charity has not characterised my conduct towards you? I do not wish to stretch my charity beyond the truth; but many a clergyman who had discovered a communicant of your character to have taken the sacrament with a lie in their mouth, and with the appearance of repentance, would have given you up in disgust. And in addition to all your sins, you gave me up, and denied my visits. But I will never give you up, till I have resigned you to Jesus Christ. I know the depth and extent of your sins—but I believe that you are truly penitent. *Prove* your sincerity—receive with meekness my reproofs, my exhortations and instruction. Your incivility to me only affects me as it respects the genuineness of your repentance. Believe me, I take a deep and lively interest in you, as my

patience, earnestness and this letter must testify. I give you my address, that you may know the confidence I place in you, and which you ought (if you value my instructions) to place in me. Should you wish, then, at any time to write to me, you will know where to direct. There is no occasion to answer this letter, as I write it merely to recapitulate the conversation I had with you, to fix your attention to it—to impress you likewise with the propriety and charity of my conduct, and the deep and lively interest I take in you.

“I am, &c.

“H. REVELL.”

To make part of this letter perfectly intelligible, it is necessary to observe the different points on which her indignation, I found, had been raised against me. 1st, My having asked her whether she had been guilty of adultery: 2nd, my having charged her with lying and hypocrisy: 3rd, my having thought that she had denied the charge from a wish to gain my good opinion of her. She was mightily indignant at my charge of hypo-

crisy, which with all her faults was a sin which *she* had never practised. Her pride was greatly roused likewise by my supposing and flattering myself that she wished to gain my esteem. The observation in my letter, that I was obliged to think that she had acted from this motive, or that she was a disgusting hypocrite, deeply convinced her of the charitable construction I had given to her conduct. I was not in the least aware of her extreme sense of shame, which the reader has already found was the true cause of her concealing her real character from me.

Finding that the present was a very extraordinary case, which required unremitting care and watchfulness, I deemed it necessary to visit her every day instead of three times a week. Accordingly I went to her the following morning, Wednesday. When I had entered the room, she said with deep emotion, "How, Sir, can I thank you for your

letter, which I shall keep as a treasure to the latest hour of my life? Your letter has filled me with shame and disgust with myself. O how different has your conduct been to mine! That you should have condescended to one so worthless as myself!—I cannot describe my feelings. I nearly finished my answer to it last night—and I am sorry that you should have called without having received it.” I told her that I was sorry that she had troubled herself in answering it, as there was no occasion. “I could not,” she replied, “but answer it immediately, and declare the true feelings of my heart. I have only just breakfasted, as I do not awake before one, being not able to sleep before five or six o’clock—my cough keeps me awake—otherwise you should have had the answer before this.” I then told her for the future that I should not allow any one to be in the room during my exposition and prayer, as I had previously done, as I could not

conscientiously discharge my duty without alluding to her sin. "O Sir," she replied, "that is merciful of you, for you cannot conceive the torture I have felt, lest, during your former expositions and prayers, you should say any thing that might allude to my great sin. This I felt greatly embarrassed me, and often hindered the full benefit to be derived from your instruction." Her sense of shame greatly surprised me. I then read and expounded part of the scriptures suitable to her, inculcated a very deep humiliation corresponding to her guilt, while at the same time I showed the willingness of God to receive all sinners who thus approach him through the bloody atonement made by his Son. She was deeply, but only suitably affected, and having prayed by her side, I left her. She shortly afterwards sent the following letter in answer to mine.

“Tuesday Night, Sept. 22, 1830.

“Dear Sir,

“Not for worlds would I delay for a moment returning you my warmest, my best thanks, and ten thousand of them, for your kind and charitable letter. It has given me the most heartfelt and unutterable pleasure, and I cannot but regret my inability to express all I feel—I am poor even in thoughts. I must therefore throw myself still further on your generosity, and beg you will tell me in what way I can prove my gratitude. Indeed, indeed I have a grateful heart, and I have been both pained and punished by its assuming the garb of ingratitude. I beg and entreat that you will not doubt me when I assure you, I had made up my mind this morning to throw off the filthy burthen, by confessing my shame and sorrow for my conduct on Monday. The manner I intended to do it was, by beginning a letter with the conclusion of the forbidden letter, which would have been thanking you gratefully for your truly kind and truly comforting instructions to me, expressing my sorrow for the rude message I sent you on Monday, and throwing myself entirely on your mercy for pardon and

forgiveness. I should have relied, too, on your renewing and continuing your instructions to me. But (I am ashamed to confess it) Miss F. raised again that demon *pride* in my heart, by telling me that my letter would not be received, that, in fact, none but such a note as the one she had dictated would be. But I can better prove to you the vile temper that raged in me by giving you my answer to her, when she advised me to write in my own way, through the person who sent you first to visit me. It was, 'No, Miss F., I shall certainly not subject myself to the insult of having my letter returned unopened; besides, I have not strength to throw away in that manner.' What then must be my feelings (after such conduct) on reading your kind, generous, and truly charitable letter! It is impossible to describe them in any way; nor nor can I find words to express the shame and contrition I feel for my disgusting and unworthy conduct to you. But believe me, I have been pained and stung to the quick by *the forcible truths* contained in your letter. I admit every word to be just—I told a most gross falsehood, for I perfectly understood your question. I was therefore a hypocrite in heart—a most vile one; and I am astonished that you have

acted with so much charity as to forgive me, though I feel assured you have. The kind manner, too, in which you have acted in doing so, adds to my load of shame. Pray let me entreat you to continue your kindness to me, though I acknowledge I am not worthy of it. Yet I will try to become so—and *do* pray for me, and teach me — O teach me how to pray for my wicked and numerous sins. You say you know them all; believe me I am truly glad you do; and if you wish to ask me any questions, do it—and, however it may be painful, I will answer you as truly as I would my God. I do not mean answering you would be painful; *that* might be a pleasure, as it would give me an opportunity of showing that my feeling of gratitude is sincere; and God knows this letter is the pure dictate of a grateful heart, or rather of a heart that would be grateful, but knows not how. Your letter of to night has indeed wounded to heal, for now it is balm to my heart, and I assure you it will be to me a sacred treasure until my death—be that long or short—I care not how short, so that I am pardoned by my heavenly Father: and I hope for Christ's sake he will be merciful to me, and quickly relieve me from all the

troubles, afflictions, and persecutions of this world. While I am in it, if you will condescend to visit me, you shall be my earthly rock, my stay, and my comfort.

“(Wednesday). I cannot but feel very sorry that I was not able to conclude this letter last night, so that you might have received it before I saw you this morning; as it would have proved that I was not waiting for your visit, and that I was humbled immediately on reading your letter. I can now only beg you to believe this letter to be dictated by sincere repentance for my conduct to you, and that I remain, with a lively sense of my weighty obligations,

“Respectfully and gratefully yours,

“M. L. WITTY.”

“P. S. This is my husband’s name — need I tell you not to mention it?—no, I feel it is not necessary, though fear has induced me to do so as * * * *, &c.”

To make any comment upon this letter is perfectless useless—it speaks for itself. It is a beautiful specimen of contrition, simplicity, gratitude, and honesty. I continued daily to visit her, and was

delighted to witness an increase of penitence, faith, and knowledge. I found that she possessed a most retentive memory, and astonishing quickness of apprehension after her mind had once clearly understood the import of the terms employed. The scheme of revelation was now fully embraced by her, and she sought Christ with the most ardent anxiety, and deepest humiliation. The painful circumstance of the denial of her guilt, and her conduct to me, now that a reaction in her mind had taken place, greatly increased the depth of her repentance. Causes of the profoundest humiliation, and godly sorrow surrounded her on all sides; nor were any of them lost upon her. She bewailed her numerous sins separately and distinctly. The infamy of her past life, her boundless extravagance, her virulence of temper, her utter heartlessness and recklessness, her attempt at suicide, her neglect of Christ's gospel,—all these, together with her con-

duct towards me, conspired together to excite a just abhorrence of herself, repentance towards God, and gratitude to the Saviour. A singular spirit of prayer, but only suited to her case, was vouchsafed to her from the Almighty. While Christ doubtless pleaded for her above, the Holy Spirit raised and supported a holy inspiration of prayer, the very fruit of that Saviour's intercession. She possessed most truly that broken and contrite heart which God will not despise. And though the promises, the invitations, and even the commands of God are the sole ground that warrants the sinner's approach to Christ, and expectation of mercy; yet she possessed that happy disposition, that thirst for God, that contrition of soul and desire to win Christ, without which those invitations would be in vain. Her right and title to mercy, and expectation of it, like her own justification, were founded upon something quite foreign and external

to herself, even upon Christ the Lord. While she rested her entire justification on the active and passive obedience of Christ, imputed to her through faith—her hope that she as an individual might approach Christ, was not founded upon her own repentance and humiliation, or any such slippery foundation. She accurately distinguished between the disposition which led her to Christ, and the invitation of mercy to all sinners, the sole ground of hope and assurance. The hungering and thirsting for a feast is not the right and title for any one to approach a banquet—but the invitation given by the master of the feast. She applied this simple illustration to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Her craving for the body and blood of Christ did not by any means entitle her to that holy supper, but the invitation given to the universe : “ Whosoever will, let him take of the waters of life freely.” This thirst of hers for the waters of life, this blessed hunger of hers for the bread of heaven,

while equally given by God, was never confounded with the invitation, the sole title to partake of the feast. While she blessed God for the invitation, she thanked him likewise for the disposition that enabled her to receive it. But she never took the *disposition* to embrace the invitation for the *title* to receive the blessing. This was the divinity I taught her.

Rightly to divide the word of God comparing spiritual things with spiritual, is the province of the minister of Christ. Great accuracy and distinctness are necessary at all times to be observed, especially with those whose minds are painfully convinced of their transgressions. The impure and holy, the most degraded prostitute and chastest woman, the most callous and the most impressed—in a word, the greatest sinner, and the most exalted saint, all possess one and the same title to go to Christ—*viz.* the invitation of the Almighty. The abominable Manasses and pious Daniel possessed the same legal title to approach

Jehovah. The invitation of the Almighty, say rather the solicitations, the exhortations and even commands of the Father and Son, as much entitle him, who thirsts for worldly pleasures and spends his money for nought, to drink of the waters of life freely, as him who truly hungers and thirsts after righteousness. The disposition does not in any way increase our title: our feeling our need of Christ does not in the least authorize us to go to the Saviour, however this may be sung in poetry. The disposition is perfectly distinct from the title. All possess the same title, but experience proves that all do not possess the same disposition. Let me then repeat it as an invaluable axiom in Divinity, that “*the disposition to seek Christ is perfectly and for ever distinct from the title so to do.*”

The value of this truth will readily appear from the following reflections. If the disposition to seek Christ were the title to do so; the invitation given to all

to seek, would be self-contradictory and null and void. But by a universal invitation we possess a universal title. Follow me a step further. The universality of this title is commensurate with the universality of sin, and tallies with the unlimited sacrifice made by Christ. While God commands all "men every where to repent," while all mankind, saints and sinners, are invited to go to Christ and drink of the waters of life: we read that "all are dead in trespasses and sin:" and since "all are dead"—"Christ died for all," "gave himself a ransom for all." As universal is the disease, so universal is the remedy, and so universal is the title to apply for the remedy. Observe the beautiful harmony and consistency in this. The title is the same—the disease the same—the remedy the same. "All have sinned"—"Christ died for all"—"all are commanded to repent." But mark the monstrosity if the disposition to seek Christ

be made our title to do so. In this case we have the disposition possessed *by few*; an invitation given *to all*; a Saviour who gave himself a ransom *for all*. To be consistent, our divinity must be a disposition given to the few; an invitation given to the few—a Saviour who died for the few. But *if* it be a blessed truth that “God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and saved,” *if* he and his Son expostulate with those that destroy themselves, saying, “Oh! Israel thou hast destroyed thyself”—“ye will not come unto me”—“why will ye die?”—*if* he “commands all men every where to repent”—*if* Christ wept over those whom he would have gathered as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but *they would* not; *then* we must admit, as a necessary consequence, that “Christ died not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world.” If we can prove that all are invited, we prove at

the same time that "Christ died for all." And *vice versâ* if we can prove that Christ died for all, we prove that all must be invited. One of these truths cannot be proved without the other—the consequence is irresistible. A little common sense will confirm this. No one, I think, would be blasphemous enough to assert that the tears of Christ which he shed over Jerusalem, whom he would often have received, but who would not him, were hypocritical—that a similar declaration of Jehovah in the 81st Psalm and 13th verse, "Oh that Israel had hearkened unto me; but Israel would none of me"—is insincere, or that the invitations and expostulations of the Father and the Son with sinners were not freely and *ex animo* given. But common sense, I think, will decide, as well as the soundest logic, that such tears must have been ridiculous, such expostulations and invitations could not have been sincere; if "God had not so loved *the world*

as to give his only begotten Son"—"to die for all"—"to give himself a ransom for all"—"to draw all men unto him."

Not only is it contradictory to affirm that the invitation is given to all, and yet affirm that Christ died for the elect only; but it is inconsistent to admit that "all are dead," and yet deny that Christ died for all. The Apostle Paul, 2 Cor. xiv. 5, draws the conclusion, that "all are dead" from the *fact* that, "Christ died for all;" if therefore we admit the conclusion we must admit the hypothesis, i. e. *the fact* that Christ *did* die for all: and *vice versa* if we deny the fact we must deny the conclusion.* If this is not reasoning, I have read Euclid to no purpose. We cannot deny one without denying both. But what is the cause of so much confusion, per-

* "Since Christ died for all;" [*the premises.*]
 "then all are dead," [*the conclusion.*]

If one of these is true both are true; if one of these is false both are false.

plexity and ignorance on this subject? It arises from want of comprehension. But the chief cause is ignorance of the invaluable truth, “*that the disposition to seek Christ is perfectly and for ever distinct from the title to do so.*” But this invaluable truth is capable of giving a simple solution to some of the most difficult points in theology. For let it be well kept in the mind “*that the disposition to seek Christ is perfectly distinct from the title to do so;*” it follows —

I. Our election does not constitute our title to go to Christ, therefore the elect have no more title than the rest of the world to the salvation of Christ; for election is nothing more than such a disposition given by God. Here is a clear demonstration that all the world is interested in the ransom made by Christ.

II. It follows that, the doctrine of reprobation is not involved in the doctrine of election; since all are entitled to salvation by a universal invitation. Hence

we see that we cannot do justice to the doctrine of election without inviting all to Christ.

III. It follows that the doctrines of election and human responsibility do not contradict each other; for election, or the disposition given by God to seek Christ, is perfectly distinct from the title to do so, *i. e.*, universal invitation; in other words, universal responsibility.

From the truth, then, that "the disposition to seek Christ is perfectly distinct from the title to do so," the following propositions have been incontrovertibly proved.

1. The elect have no more title than the rest of the world to the salvation of Christ. The corollary of which is, all the world is interested in the ransom made by Christ.

2. The doctrine of reprobation is not involved in the doctrine of election. The deduction from which is, we cannot so much as even do justice to the very doc-

trine of election without inviting all to Christ.

3. The doctrine of election and human responsibility, or free agency, do not contradict each other.

I flatter myself that I have given a genuine, simple, and, I believe, original solution of some of the most difficult and disputed points in theology. Should this not be perfectly intelligible to the reader, his modesty will, I hope, prompt him to attribute it to a want of capacity on his part, rather than perspicuity on mine.

That this disposition of effectually seeking Christ to the salvation of the soul, however distinct from the title to do so, is primarily given by the Father, it is evident from innumerable passages in the scriptures. "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him," is a truth that cannot be disputed. This truth is not only revealed in precise and distinct terms, but is likewise involved in the doctrine, that man is

dead in trespasses and sins, and that he is quickened by God through the spiritual energies of the Holy Ghost. Man is at first *a passive* but afterwards *an active* recipient of the Holy Spirit. He is at first as passive a recipient of the Spirit, as the bodies of Lazarus and Christ were when raised from the dead by a divine energy and power ; or as the body of Adam when the Almighty breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. But man is thus made *a passive*, only that he may afterwards be an *active* recipient of Divine grace and favour. He is now called upon to cultivate the grace given him. Being now made a steward of the manifold gifts of God, it remains for him to lay out the talents entrusted to him by his Master, that he may receive his own with usury. According as he now asks he receives : according to his diligence or sloth, consistency or inconsistency—in a word, according as he “opens his mouth wide, God fills it;” for “we are not

straitened in him but ourselves." Human responsibility, then, so far from being diminished, is *increased* by the disposition vouchsafed to us from the Almighty. The Spirit is given for no other purpose than to quicken the affections deadened by sin—to rouse the energies of the human soul, and to give them both a proper impetus and direction. It is only on the necessary admission that man (after being once quickened) is an active recipient of Divine grace, we can at all account for our stint of "growth in the inner man"—secret declensions from God, and sometimes, it seems, apostacy from the Divine favour. The disposition, then, of seeking Christ while it gives no title to go to him, so far from diminishing only increases human responsibility. While therefore *the invitations* of God, which are our sole title to go to Christ, clearly prove human responsibility; the disposition given by God, so far from interfering with, as some have supposed,

rather confirm and strengthen, the doctrine of human responsibility and free agency.

But upon this disposition given by God we will offer some further remarks, and see how they apply to the case before us. We cannot for a moment suppose that the Almighty acts from sudden emergency. There is a vast and eternal difference between finite and infinite being, respecting action and conduct. Finite being acts from sudden emergency, or at best from confined reflection and limited experience. Circumstances over which he has no control perpetually occur to disarrange his plans, mar his schemes, and ridicule his speculations. Untoward events often arise of too unyielding a nature, as to allow him to press them into the mould to which he would form and fashion them. He is ever obliged to retrace his steps, change his course, and adopt altogether a new line of proceeding. Infinite being, on the other hand, is sub-

ject to no such perplexity and variation. Nothing new can now originate in the mind of God to prompt him to the abandonment of schemes well digested, or the adoption of conduct not previously conceived. Succession is the attribute of finite, and immutability that of infinite, being. To deny this, is to affirm that novelty can enter the mind of Jehovah—in other words, that he is not the same being at one time as he is at another—that he is not “the same yesterday, to day, and for ever.” Succession, then, whether of thoughts, plans, or counsels, is the attribute of finite ; immutability that of infinite being.

It is contrary therefore to the soundest reasoning, to say nothing of the testimony of scripture, to suppose that the act of converting a sinner has been conceived in time, but not contemplated in eternity. “Known unto God are all his works from the beginning”—executed in time, but devised in eternity. The dis-

position of seeking Christ given to those dead in trespasses and sins is, be it remembered, as much an act of God as the resurrection of Christ, or creation of the universe. When therefore the Father draws the sinner to Christ, must we not say, with the above reasoning, too strict to be refuted, and too plain to be misunderstood, that this act has not arisen from immediate suggestion or sudden emergency — but “according to his *eternal* purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus?”

But what an admirable illustration of all this have we in the case before us! The reader surely will not maintain that this poor woman, depraved as she was beyond what I have yet exposed her, had no title to the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ. The unlimited invitations given in the scriptures surely authorized her to apply both for mercy and *contrition* to him who was exalted to give both “*repentance* and remission of sins.” She

had no need to wait till she possessed a repentance suited to the enormity of her guilt. But being entitled by the invitations of the Almighty, with the most imperfect and inadequate repentance, she could apply to the Son of God, who would by no means cast her out, but receive her, not only defiled with sin, but perhaps at first little affected with its awful consequences. If our disposition, our feeling the need of Christ were our title to go to him, the question must ever remain what is the exact quota of feeling that can entitle us to approach him. This quota must vary according to the enormity and extent of our sins ; but who can fix the proportion ? We may all be satisfied that the vilest of the vile may be pardoned through the mercy of Christ, and prevalence of his intercession ; but if the depth of our repentance be made the authority of our application, so indeterminate a title would only raise des-
mind of him who is conscious

that his repentance is not commensurate with the enormity of his wickedness. That repentance and sorrow for sin is not as necessary on our part for salvation, as the atonement made by Christ on his, is a position which none but the malicious can think that I maintain. The vilest of the vile, however, may approach Christ *with whatever sins and with whatever disposition*. This is the gospel of Christ, and is only just sufficient to meet the exigencies of sinful and wretched humanity. We may approach Christ with the sins of Manasses and obduracy of Judas, for that very disposition, that broken and contrite heart which God will not despise. Let our sins be red as crimson, and our hearts (as we too often find when we begin to repent) awfully insensible and hard as stone ; the former shall be made white as wool, and our hearts as soft as wax. This was the only preaching that could reach the desperate case of this

abandoned woman. I preached—she repented—and Christ forgave.

In applying to this poor woman my observations respecting the disposition given by the Father, we may remark that she is a singular instance of the sovereign mercy of Almighty God. That her repentance was little at the outset, but gradually increased, is supported by fact and cannot be disputed. The reader must have observed the rapid increase of this penitence, which he will find advancing to the day of her death. An inquiry was already instituted, a restless uneasiness was already established, before I knew her; she was, throughout my visits, *an active* recipient of the Holy Spirit. But can any one dare to affirm, in opposition to what I have distinctly proved, that this degraded woman was not *at first a passive* recipient of Divine grace and favour? Carry the spirit of repentance and inquiry as far back as you please —

retrace the successive steps of the active energies of her own mind; still there must be a point and starting post from which she set out to run the Christian course. She at least (if any in the world) was so far dead in trespasses and sins—so lost in ignorance and insensibility, that she required to be roused from her moral slumbers by a divine power, that she might “awake from the dead for Christ to give her light.” I care not how slow and progressive at first, or how rapid and astonishing her repentance afterwards became, a time there was when she was *a passive* recipient of divine grace, when a principle of mobility was communicated to her mind. To a man who is marching direct north, and afterwards changes his course to due south, there is a point or pivot on which he turns to retrace his steps. So it is with every returning penitent. The question only is, whether this is *virtually* the

act of God, or solely that of the creature. The case I think before us, to say nothing of the preceding argument, sets this point at rest for ever. She is a living monument and witness of the truth — “that no man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him” — God has mercy on whom he will have mercy ! O, holy Father, how merciful art thou and how lost is man, that it is thou who must first condescend and humble thyself to the sinner, ere he will repent and humble himself to thee !

But to return to the penitent before us. She now placed that confidence in me, to which, as her teacher, under all circumstances, I was justly entitled. Being very anxious to know her own history from herself, I one day asked her if she would draw up for me an account of herself, that I might read it at her death. She readily complied with my request, and was delighted at the opportunity I

afforded her of showing her sincere gratitude to me. I wrote her the following letter on the subject.

“ Saturday Evening, Sept. 26.

“ My dear Madam,

“ I take * this opportunity of writing you a few lines respecting my request, with which you were kind enough to comply. I really hardly know whether I ought to ask so much of you. But the confidence you now place in me, and the ready manner in which you immediately complied with my request, embolden me to leave it to your kind consideration. I have no idle curiosity whatever to gratify by this; but as I believe you to be a sincere penitent, I shall feel obliged by the outline of your history. Let the outline, then, of your life be drawn briefly, yet distinctly. You have but little time to spare for any thing but what is immediately connected with your eternal interests. Touch upon the circumstances of your life with utmost purity of thought and simplicity. There is no occasion whatever for much detail of a life which must be looked upon with sorrow

* I sent her some game.

and shame. Let the review of your life be attended with deep humiliation, and if it raises in your mind any other feeling than that of a just abhorrence of sin and gratitude to God, discard it immediately. Write very little every day, (Sunday excepted,) one page each day is abundance. But, as I said before, let nothing interfere with the one thing needful. Give yourself up entirely to converse about nothing but Jesus Christ and the things of the Spirit. I pray most fervently that Christ the good Shepherd may carry you home on his shoulders rejoicing — may redeem, purify, and sanctify you for ever.

“I remain,

“Your sincere friend and faithful Minister,

“H. REVELL.”

“P. S. Pray excuse this letter paper, as my stock is out.”

To this I received the following reply :—

“Park Street, Camden Town.

“Indeed, my dear Sir, you must not be so kind to me, for I am too weak even in words to express my feelings, and on that account the kindness becomes a trouble to me. I trust therefore

you will believe me when I tell you, that the opportunity you have given me of proving in some slight degree my gratitude, will give me a true, a heartfelt pleasure. I feel that it will be but a poor return for all your kindness and trouble — but it is the only one I can make. In retracing the history of my *really eventful* life, I do assure you, I will not, as I hope for salvation (and that I ardently do) write one word false. You shall see my life as it has been really and truly. I will not paint in any false colours; and to prove that it is my intention not to do so, I now tell you that I am of *poor* and *very very humble* origin. I shall blush for shame in every line I write; and yet I think, in reading it you will sincerely pity as well as condemn. This thought shall spur me on, and keep me from fainting under the task; for I dread to think of the *horror* and *disgust* I shall create in your mind in relating truly my life, as I must tell of such things that are done in this world, and show how depraved human nature can be. I will, with God's will and pleasure, begin my task of love and gratitude on Monday, and I will do it in every respect as you desire me.

“I am sorry you thought it necessary to

apologise for the paper of your note—if you knew my feelings better you would not. The contents of your notes are too precious to think of the paper, though *that*, however coarse it might be, would now be to me invaluable, as having passed through your hands, and containing the dictates of so pure, so good, and so kind a heart as yours. And now I must beg you will pardon the liberty I have taken in troubling you with this; and also that you will accept my best thanks for you kind present and *letter*, and believe me to remain with truly grateful feelings,

“Very respectfully yours,

“M. L. WITTY.”

“Saturday Night, half-past ten.”

On the following Monday I called, she was very ill. I read the 5th of Romans, and expounded it very fully. She was very deeply affected throughout, and was exceedingly struck with the free, unlimited mercy of God to all sinners who exercise repentance towards God and faith in Christ. She kept saying, “Is it

possible! is it possible!” with tears running down her face. A holy joy beamed in her face when I showed that we are not justified by our works, but by faith only in the merits of Christ. I endeavoured very perspicuously to draw the parallel between the first and second Adam, and to show what we had lost by the former and gained by the latter. The reciprocal doctrines of the imputed sin of Adam and imputed righteousness of Christ, while they filled her with astonishment, penetrated her soul with an unspeakable consolation. The avidity with which she seized the mysterious doctrine of the imputed righteousness of Christ, and the hearty and cordial manner with which she embraced, and ever afterwards rejoiced in it, filled me with astonishment. She made this doctrine her own in a manner I never before witnessed. I am candid to acknowledge that my own faith has received very great strength from the manner with which I have heard

her express herself on the subject. It ever seemed to give her as much consolation as the doctrine of the vicarious sufferings of Jesus Christ. Every thing seemed perfectly tangible to her — her faith was most truly the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

I called the following day and expounded the 8th of Romans. She expressed great satisfaction with my exposition on the previous day. She told me that she had been much engaged in praying for sanctification. I then promised to compose two prayers for her, one respecting remission of sins, and the other respecting sanctification.

I called the next day, (Wednesday,) but she could not see me, having only just fallen asleep after a sleepless night. I composed and sent the two promised prayers with the following letter :—

“Wednesday, Sept. 29.

“My dear Madam,

“I cannot let a day pass without your having some communication from me, either by word or letter. I early fulfil my promise of composing two prayers for you, which I should wish you often to offer up. I was extremely happy to hear you express that you were much engaged in praying for sanctification, as well as forgiveness of sins. Religion consists in nothing more than this — to be washed in the blood of Christ from the guilt of sin, and to be sanctified by the Holy Ghost from the power, dominion, and pollution of sin, is the summary of the Christian religion. One cannot take place without the other. We are forgiven only to be sanctified. Sanctification is the great end for which Christ died. His death and sufferings are but a preparatory step for the work of the Spirit on the human soul to reconform it to the Divine image.

“Consider then, Madam, the glorious work of our redemption, that we are predestined to be conformed to the image of Christ. We are to become like the meek and lowly Jesus; we are to possess his meekness, gentleness, humility, purity of heart, poverty of spirit, and

heavenly-mindedness. To this there are two obstacles, first, *guilt* from the perpetration of sin; secondly, the natural depravity of our hearts, which are polluted both by original sin, and still further by *our own* actual transgressions — which, while they bring us under condemnation, increase our natural depravity, render us still more susceptible of sin, still more impure, still more unholy. Now the office of Christ is to do away with the first obstacle to holiness, namely, guilt from the perpetration of actual sin: and the office of the Holy Spirit is to remove the second obstacle, namely, the natural depravity and increased pollution of our hearts by sin. The object, then, which God the Father has by the gift of the Son and of the Spirit, is the sanctification of the human soul.

“May you then be redeemed by the blood of the lamb, and may the dove-like spirit of God descend into your heart to make you like the pure and holy Jesus. My object is to ‘present you to Christ without spot or blemish or any such thing.’ I heartily pray to the Father that he would draw you to his Son, to be washed in that fountain of his blood which is open for sin and uncleanness, that you may be regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and thus be

made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Believe me, my dear Madam, with utmost purity,

“Your very sincere friend and faithful Minister,

“H. REVELL.”

“P. S. Read this letter very carefully though it is short, as it contains much.”

“A Prayer to be addressed throughout to Jesus Christ, with confessions of sin, humiliation, and earnest supplication for mercy and forgiveness through his atonement on earth and present intercession in heaven.”

“O blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, permit me to approach thee, even me, a poor, helpless and guilty sinner. I throw myself at thy feet for mercy, and implore thee not to cast me out. I acknowledge that I am polluted and defiled with sin, that I am vile and worthless; but thou didst come into the world to save sinners, even such as me. I bewail my sins—I can only acknowledge my iniquities—mine it is to confess, but it is *thine* to forgive. O then let not the multitude or heinousness of my transgressions be a bar to my obtaining forgiveness of my sins, which ‘are more in number than the hairs upon my head.’ O pity me

—O be thou touched with divine compassion towards me — consider the consequences of my sins, and deliver me from wrath to come. Let thy bowels of mercy be moved towards me—for it doth repent me of my past life, and I am cut to the heart that I have sinned against thee. Look down from heaven upon me, and be merciful to me a sinner. I am full of shame and confusion of face; but hide not thy face from me—put not away my prayer nor thy mercy from me. Be thou my merciful and gracious high Priest—have pity on my weakness — compassionate my ignorance, and forgive my sins. My sins are so numerous, and I have so offended the Father, that I dare not approach him—but I cleave to thee, my Saviour and Redeemer. Be thou my advocate and intercessor with the Father, for thou alone hast power with God to prevail. Plead, O plead thou my cause —pray to the Father for me—reconcile God to me, that I may have peace with God through thee. Blot out my sins out of the book of thy Father's remembrance—cancel them by thine all-atoning blood, that they may never stand charged against me. Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow — may my sins, which are as

crimson, be made white as wool. O merciful high Priest, sprinkle me with thy precious blood, that my conscience may be thoroughly purged by the same, from dead works, to serve the living God. Truly, my sins have separated me from God, but may I now be made nigh by the blood of Christ. May I have an interest in all that thou hast done on earth, and in that intercession which thou art even now exercising in heaven. O then again I pray thee, remember me in thine intercessions to the Father, for thou art the mediator between God and man. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God, receive these my supplications, and present them to the Father—may they be mixed and involved in thine intercessions, and then they will be as sweet incense in heaven, though they are uttered by my polluted lips, but yet from a broken and contrite heart. Truly, O Lord, I have this broken heart—I look to thee whom my sins have pierced, and mourn for my iniquities. The remembrance of my sins is grievous to me, the burthen of them is intolerable. But blessed be God, I have a hope, for thou wast raised upon the cross for human redemption, to draw all men unto me. Saviour of sinners, thou art the same Lord — and thy property is always to have

mercy. Thy compassion and power are as boundless and infinite as thyself—my hope is in thee—my trust is in thy mercy. May I be a monument of thy mercy. Spare me, O Lord, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and bless and keep me for ever. Amen.”

A prayer to be addressed to Jesus Christ for the gift of the Holy Ghost to sanctify and purify the soul.

“O holy Jesus, spotless lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, permit me further to address thee. I resume my supplications to thee. Thou, O Lord, art of infinite purity, nor dost thou suffer any thing impure or unholy to enter into thy kingdom, for thou art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, neither can any thing that is evil dwell with thee. But I, O Lord, am polluted with sin, I am of unclean lips, I am defiled. I stand equally in need of purity of heart and holiness, as forgiveness of sins. O then, blessed Lord, while thy blood purges away my sins, let the Holy Spirit sanctify my soul. My heart has been, as it were, “the cage of every unclean and hateful bird,” it has been the seat of unholy and vile affections; but the Holy Spirit is as

powerful to sanctify as thy blood is to atone. Let me then, being first washed in thy blood, and being thus prepared, be now visited by the Holy Ghost, the sole purifier and sanctifier of thine elect people. Now that thou hast suffered, the Holy Spirit is given: to whom, then, shall I go but to thee to seek it, for thou hast the Spirit to bestow? O thou who didst promise the Spirit to the Samaritan woman if she would but ask it at thy hand — thou that didst invite sinners not only to repentance, but to receive the living waters, even thy Holy Spirit—give *me* this Holy Spirit. I come with fear and trembling, ‘without money and without price’ — I come to thee that I may drink. I thankfully receive this thy blessed invitation, for truly my soul thirsteth for these living waters. May thy Spirit be in me ‘a well of water springing up unto everlasting life.’ May my soul never thirst without being satisfied; but may I be refreshed, strengthened, made and kept pure and holy now and for ever. May this Holy Spirit lead me to repentance and *to thee*: may he touch my soul with love and gratitude to thee: may he inspire me with faith, hope, charity, joy and confidence in thee — for these are his blessed fruits. May he annihilate sin in

my soul, subdue my temper, soften my heart, and enable me to receive thy word. May he assist me in my prayers; may he enlighten, teach, and guide me into all truth. Create in me, O Lord and Saviour, by thy Holy Spirit, this clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me. Take from me my heart of stone, and give me a heart of flesh. Thus renew, regenerate, sanctify and strengthen my soul, that I may continue thine for ever, and daily increase in me thy Holy Spirit more and more, until I come unto thine everlasting kingdom. Amen."

I would merely suggest to the reader that these prayers are not too humiliating for any fallen creature, and therefore I would recommend them to his or her use, whether he or she may have fallen or not. into the grossest violations of the moral law.

Her conversation and observations had now become so interesting and sometimes so extraordinary, that from henceforth I regularly and daily noted down every thing she said. In relating these

invaluable conversations I may be thought by some to have put into her mouth expressions and ideas which were not her own. To this I must reply, in the presence of God, that the conversations are as faithfully recorded as possible. They are, in fact, related almost all verbatim as she expressed herself. My method was this: when she had spoken, I would pause and repeat it over to myself, to get every word by heart. When I left her house I used to repeat it over to myself as I went home, to fix it in memory, and then immediately I committed it to paper. But this was not my only method: I used generally to visit her in the evening, as she was strongest at that time of the day, and I could give her more of my time. I used to carry with me a piece of paper, and as I sat by her bed-side, I marked down the different points in the conversation, as well as her peculiar expressions.* This, toge-

* It may be here not unnecessary to remark, that she had not the most distant idea of my object in so

ther with a watchful attention and decent memory, has enabled me to record the conversation with great fidelity. Every thing has been recorded with so scrupulous an adherence to truth, that I can assure the reader that her conversations as related by me, have fallen far short of what they really were. She obtained such a deep insight into the mysteries of religion, and possessed such singular reflection and deep feeling, that I have often wished a shorthand writer had taken down all she said.

Thursday, Sept. 30.—When I called in the evening, she thanked me much for the prayers I sent her and the letter “Your kindness,” said she, “quite overpowers me, it is even a trouble to me.” I asked her what she meant by the word trouble. “I

doing. I told her that I noted down the heads of the conversations I had with her, that I might better be able, by reference to them, to judge of her state of mind, as from the variety of cases I visited my memory might get confused: this indeed was one, though not the only reason.

feel," said she, "not only incapable of proving my gratitude to you, but I am at a loss for language to give utterance to my heart. I am poor even in words. The time and trouble you give me increase my shame that you should bestow them upon one so unworthy of them." I replied, that the penitence she evinced was the only reward I sought, and the only gratitude which would be pleasing to me. "Your declaration to me," she added, "that you even took pleasure in visiting so worthless a character as me, gave me great comfort, as I thought you must view me with hatred and disgust." "I again repeat," I replied, "what I before told you, that I am filled with the deepest commiseration and tenderest solicitude for you." "I believe it, Sir," she replied; "for Jesus Christ more especially addressed himself to sinners, and you show the same mercy in condescending to me." I then asked her whether she could enter into the humiliation and penitence expressed in

the prayers I sent her. "I know not, Sir," said she, "exactly what you mean ; but if to shed tears upon every line I read be what you mean, I truly do.—I can assure you, Sir, that there is not one hour in the day but that I make use of your prayers. I feel constrained and even forced almost to pray : the thoughts rise in my mind of their own accord, and I offer them to Jesus Christ. Even when I feel drowsy and sleep is coming over me, I pray." I then asked her if, when she read the bible, the words struck her forcibly. She told me they did, especially the Psalms. I then expounded the 6th chapter of St. John's Gospel : I entered into the nature of the sacrament, which she was now anxious to receive in a proper manner.

In the course of this evening the following painful circumstance and exposure occurred, which as a faithful recorder of truth I shall make known. I happened to lay my hand on a little manuscript very neatly and carefully written. It contained nothing

but appropriate references to the scriptures, under different heads of doctrines. They were admirably arranged and well selected, and showed an extensive and accurate knowledge of divine truth. While I was examining its contents with great pleasure, she said—"That, Sir, was lent me by the old gentleman whom you have heard me mention, who asked me whether I knew what it was to be a believer in Christ. He tried to get me to go to a chapel in——. He called on me once since I have been in this house, and told me I should go to the lowest pit in hell. He once made me cry for two hours talking in this manner. He told me that he had another manuscript larger than that one, which he could not spare, as he wanted it for his own use, otherwise he would lend it to me. I behaved once very ill to him; for he gave me five hundred pounds upon the supposition that I was going into a respectable business: but I deceived him, and spent it all in three months."

When she told me this I hardly knew at which to be most astonished, whether at his folly or her extravagance. I was surprised at the good man's charity—but my knowledge of the world made me suspicious. "Pardon," I said, "madam, my asking you whether there was any thing criminal in his acquaintance with you?" Judge, Reader, what must have been my horror when she replied, "Yes, sir, there was ; he kept me as his mistress for a year and a half, but gave me up on account of my extravagance and infidelity to him. He gave me the five hundred pounds to set me up in business. He is a married man, and treats his wife, I am told, very ill—his name is —— and he lives in —— Square. He is very rich, and I spent his money very freely." I was for a moment paralyzed, and wondered at such refinement in wickedness, and the intricate pains men take to go to hell. O admirable panegyrists of the virtues of humanity ! Ye graceful supporters of a liberal

and easy theology—*these* are your children; take them, for they are all your own!

It is incumbent on the minister of God to guard the ignorant and unwary against the plausible sophisms of the infidel or nominal Christian. The reader, therefore, must pardon my making a few brief observations on the disgusting circumstance which I have just related. Hypocrisy is no argument against those principles and professions upon which it is employed. This detestable vice is justly considered by sound moralists to be the greatest homage that can be paid to piety and virtue. The same process of reasoning and observation which might be urged against piety from the insincerity of its professors, would go to disprove the truth of Christianity. The hypocrisy of this wretch is no more an argument against the abstract doctrines he professed, than that of Judas is against Christianity. The orthodoxy of the doctrines maintained

by this accomplished divine, as well as the truth of Christianity, depends upon some surer foundation than the vacillating stability of human sincerity and conduct. In questions of such vast moment we must look to some better authority than either the dazzling piety of some, or the chilling hypocrisy of others. We must not be imposed upon into heresy by the stern and manly piety of those whose error has perhaps been neutralized by the saving genius of the Holy Spirit: nor must we be prevented embracing truth by those who have worn it as a garb to give grace and beauty to their moral deformity. "To the law and to the testimonies" must be the appeal of every real inquirer after soundness of doctrine, and correctness of conduct. Truth, indeed, must be driven to an ill-advised expedient, to descend into an earthly arena, as the tribunal to try the legitimacy of her claims. If even the success of the Gospel be made the measure of its truth, with due deference to

Mr. Paley, as much at least can be said against it as for it. He must know little of human nature, from history and experience, that would make the hearty reception of any moral proposition the authority and criterion of its truth. That has its being perfectly independent of man, and is not beholden for its existence to his willingness to receive it. Truth only confers honour on those that embrace it; but is neither disgraced by the follies, nor dignified by the virtues, of a mortal.

Friday October 1.—I called upon her in the morning. At this time I did not know that she had ever degraded herself to common prostitution; but having heard that a woman of her name had been very notorious about town, I asked her. She replied that at different times she had been very promiscuous, and had even visited the theatre for making acquaintances. "I thought," she added, "that you knew the whole extent of my guilt, as you said so. I therefore unequi-

vocally declare to you that I have been a common prostitute. I have several times said to myself, Does he know all my guilt? I have often led you to ask me, by telling you that I am ready at any time to answer you any question as truly as I would my Maker. I intend to state every thing in the outline of my history, which I am drawing up for you; but if you will allow me, I will relate to you my life, as it will save me the fatigue of writing." She then gave me an account of herself — the following is a brief outline. Her maiden name was Henly—her mother was a washerwoman, and her father a chairmender. She assured me that she had never seen any thing moral in the whole course of her life, which had been a scene of riot and debauchery. She could remember being early shocked at the wickedness of her parents, who lived in the vicinity of the theatres. "When," said she, "I was only fourteen years of age"—"*me senex ignaram in ganeam duxit,*

et ibi per tres dies integram stuprare tentavit, sed frustra." She first showed her early depravity by *thieving* indiscriminately. She possessed an inveterate passion for theft, stealing every thing she could. This she carried to such an extent, that to save her she was placed in the refuge for the destitute, when she was about fourteen years and a half old, or a little better. Here she became completely depraved by her female companions. She considers her confinement to have laid the foundation of her future infamy. Here it will not be amiss to mention a little anecdote on this subject. The lady of the house had a son possessed with the same incorrigible propensity for stealing. Mrs. D. was told by Mrs. K. that she intended placing her son in some public institution to correct and improve him. Mrs. D. besought her not to do so, as he would come out twice as bad as when he went in. Finding that she could not prevail, and being very anxious for the

child, she got a gentleman who was well acquainted with her own life, to call on Mrs. K. on the subject, and to use all his efforts to prevent the child being sent. So great was her horror of all public institutions of that nature, from her own experience, she considered them as nurseries of vice. She was in the refuge for the destitute two years. When she came out she was easily prevailed upon by some women to become one of their number in an infamous brothel kept by some Jews. She was here three months, and frequented the theatres, where she met with the person who married her. She married when she was just seventeen years of age. To him she assured me she was faithful—to use her own words—in word, thought, and deed, for two whole years. But he used to beat her so cruelly, that one day, after a cruel beating, she ran away from him, and went to a gay woman who lived at the west end of the town, who had tried to

get her for two whole years, to come and live with her. She was then mistress to a young nobleman named ———. She then mentioned the different men with whom she had lived. With some she lived only three months; with none, seemingly, more than a year and a half. She showed the greatest caprice, going off with one man from another. She perfectly disgraced some of the men she lived with, both by the violence of her temper and her infidelity. Her extravagance was boundless. She told me that at one time she possessed two thousand pounds' worth of jewels—her expenses were never less than thirty-six pounds per week, often fifty. As an instance both of her infidelity to the men with whom she lived, and her extravagance, she told me that she was once supported by a man whom she declared she never saw sober. He allowed her a hundred pounds per month, and she received at least the same sum, during the same time, from

her other acquaintances. She always squandered away her money as fast as she received it. She once spent three hundred pounds, in three weeks which were given her. Speaking of her sins, she said, "My tongue, sir, would cleave to the roof of my mouth," *si facinora quæ vidi, et libidines quas sustinui patefacere conarer*. But she was likewise to finish her character, heartless and unfeeling to a degree incredible. An awful specimen of this she herself related in one of her conversations to me, when the circumstance pressed heavily on her conscience, and she told it of her own accord. The reader will find it as he proceeds. She likewise assured me, that she never had so much as the slightest affection for any one of the men with whom she had ever lived; and that she had led the life she had, purely from the love of idleness, admiration, and power. With regard to her education, she told me that excepting a little reading and writing when she was

a girl, she was self-taught. Her reading seemed to be quite as extensive, and of the same character, as that of ladies of fashion. She was extremely well read in all Scott's, Byron's and Moore's works; together with the North Pole books and other travels, the various periodicals, fashionable journals, and albums of the day. Biography had been her principal study. She used often, when she had opportunity, to sit up all night reading till eight o'clock in the morning. She had, likewise, read history—but not the scriptures. She throughout expressed the utmost detestation of herself, and was filled with shame and remorse at her past life.

As I had been informed that she had been an habitual drunkard, I questioned her upon this subject. She replied, that there I had been misinformed. — “That I have,” said she, “been tipsy I admit, but I never had any love for drink, if that is what you mean.” I replied, what

I meant was, whether she had been in the habit of getting drunk either by herself or with her companions, and spending money on drink, as some women of the town are. She replied, she had not.

As I was fearful lest she had concealed from me that she had been a drunkard, as that is a vice which women of her character are most anxious to conceal from our sex, and as I had promised to administer the sacrament to her on the day following, I called on her again in the evening. I then expressed to her my fears that shame had concealed that part of her character from me. "I have been," she replied, "very unhappy since you have been gone, for I could perceive that you were in doubt respecting that part of my character. But I had this consolation, that my heavenly Father knew me; and that though I could not convince you, he knew I was speaking the truth. I feel anxious," she con-

tinued in tears, "that you should know me even as God knows me. But even if you disbelieve me, it is what I richly deserve." I replied, "I am satisfied. My anxiety is only respecting the genuineness and depth of your repentance." "I believe," she answered, "that my repentance is deep, but God only knows that—but yet he knows the desires of my heart." I then read and expounded the penitence, and forgiveness of Mary Magdalene, told her deeply to humble herself before she took the sacrament, which I would administer to her on the following day. I have since ascertained, beyond all doubt, that she most rigidly adhered to the truth in this respect. The error arose from this: she lived once in the same house with a most noted drunken woman. Drunkenness was by mistake transferred to her. Mrs. D. had even an aversion to spirits of every kind: one glass would sometimes produce instant vomiting. This I learnt

from herself, and it has been confirmed by her servant to another person, both of whom were ignorant of the communication made to me by Mrs. D. herself.

Saturday, October 2.—I called in the evening to administer the sacrament. When I had entered the room, she said, “I have been thinking, Sir, of what passed yesterday, and I am so anxious to take the sacrament with a full confession of all my sins, that I would much rather that you should add habitual drunkenness to the score of my other sins. If, therefore, there is the least suspicion in your mind on the subject, pray consider me a drunkard as well as an adulteress. I consider adultery to have been my great sin; of this I hope I truly repent before God, and you are perfectly welcome to lay drunkenness to my charge. With regard to spending money on drink, I have spent a great deal in furnishing my guests with wine and spirits; but on myself I have not.

This explanation, I hope, will satisfy you, for I wish to take this sacrament in a very different manner to what I have on former occasions." Previous to administering the sacrament, I prayed with her, and for her, in expressions of the utmost humiliation and confession of sins suited to her former life, with which she was deeply affected. Having administered the sacrament, I then had the following interesting conversation with her. "How different," said she, "is this sacrament to the last. I tried to persuade myself that you did not mean what you did mean, when before the administration of it you asked me whether impropriety of conduct had led me to attempt suicide. Instead of paying attention to the service, I kept praying to God to forgive me if I had done wrong. I was trying to deceive myself, and yet my conscience would not allow me; so that I prayed Christ to forgive me this sin, together with all my other sins.

When you were taking the elements, I was nearly fainting from agitation and was on the point of confessing to you, but shame prevented me. But I have taken this sacrament without that distraction of mind and burthen: I have been able to follow you throughout. I have prayed, Sir, that this sacrament may be the seal of my pardon." I told her that that very thing (as of truth it had been) had been part of my prayers for her before I came to administer the sacrament; "I pray," continued she, "that your prayers may be heard for me; for you are a minister of God; and, not only so, but," added she with deep emotion, "you have been a heavenly Father to me, in visiting and instructing me. God will bless you for this—and I hope we shall meet in heaven." I then touched upon different parts of the communion service, "Our sins," said I, taking the prayer book, "however heinous and numerous, are no hindrance whatever to our salva-

tion—but only our impenitence on account of them. If even your sins were of deeper dye than they are, and twice as numerous, such is the value of the meritorious nature of Christ's blood, and such his divine compassion, that they are no hindrance whatever to your salvation, if you truly turn to him." The question is not whether you are vile and worthless as you are, but only whether "with hearty repentance and true faith you turn to Christ; and whether you stedfastly purpose to lead a new life." "I fear," she replied, "I dare not answer for myself: for God alone knows whether my repentance is sincere. I can only hope it is—I pray that it may be; God knows that this is the desire of my heart—of that I am conscious." I then said, "I hope you purpose, were you to live, to lead a new life, which, in addition to hearty repentance for the past sins and faith in Christ, is the only way of receiving the sacrament to the comfort and edi-

fication of the soul." "With regard to leading a new life," she replied, "I earnestly pray that, if it is God's will that I should live, I may be a fruitful branch in Christ the vine. But I have no desire whatever to live: I should rejoice much more to know that I should die to-morrow, than that I should live. I know that I cannot bear fruit in my present sickness; but I neither pray for life nor death; I only wish for sufficient time for repentance and to be more prepared." I told her that although she could only consecrate herself to God in the wreck of nature, yet he was even glorified by her repentance and faith in Christ, which was fruit highly pleasing in his sight. "But suppose for a moment," I added, "you were to recover, fall again into sin, and meet me in the street." She was horrified at the idea, and replied; "I feel, Sir, that were I to recover and fall into sin again, that I could never again repent and pray to Christ, and

send for a clergyman. But I cannot think that my heavenly Father and Jesus Christ would have done so much for me, and then suffer me to fall. O no, Sir; I cannot sin—I feel that I cannot; the very thought of any temptation to sin fills me with horror. Sir,” added she, “with much emphasis, “I would perish first. If I could not gain an honest livelihood, they would be obliged to take me into the workhouse; and I would rather live without sin in a workhouse, than with a splendid establishment in sin.” I then touched upon the last prayer in the communion service, and begun by observing, that while the ordinance was a means of grace, yet we were not to substitute it as any ground of our justification. But she interrupted me, and in the most heartfelt manner and with a simplicity which surprised me, she said,—“O Sir, I feel and know that it is not my prayers, or repentance, or taking the sacrament that can save me; but I throw

myself entirely upon Christ for my salvation—he is my rock. I thought at first that I should be saved by taking the sacrament; it was something to catch at. But after taking it I was as uneasy in my mind as before.” She then told me that two or three clergymen had visited her, who either administered the sacrament to her or read the Visitation of the Sick. “But this,” said she, “was not what I wanted, as I could read the Visitation of the Sick. I wanted some clergyman to read and explain things to me—I felt quite a craving to be taught. I applied to another clergyman in another part of London, and he politely sent me a copy of his work on the communion service, with his compliments, but could not visit me, as it was out of his parish. I then questioned her as to her state of knowledge before I visited her, with which the reader is already acquainted. She was a simple Deist from ignorance. The reader already knows that under her

conviction of sin she never prayed through Christ, or to Christ, that she did not know who he was, or that he died for our sins, or any thing about him.—She merely knew that such a person had existed, as any other person she had read of in history.

In the course of conversation she likewise said, “I used to think that I was a woman of very good feeling—but now I think very different. I feel, and know that I have nothing good in me at all. I am even disgusted with myself that I should have ever entertained such an opinion of myself.” She likewise observed with tears of the most heartfelt gratitude —“God’s mercies have been so great to me that they would touch a heart of stone—but I have a heart of stone.”

There is one part of this conversation on which I wish to offer a few remarks. Upon my supposing for a moment her recovery and falling again into sin, one of her expressions was—“O, Sir, I cannot

sin—I feel that I cannot.” She said this in a very peculiar manner, not conveying the idea of the impossibility of her sinning, —but that she felt as though she could not bring herself to sin. Her meaning was a *moral* “cannot,” not *physical* “cannot.” She did not mean to say that she was beyond the capability of sinning—very far from it. This forcibly brought to my mind and beautifully illustrated that famous passage of St. John’s epistle, iii. 9: “Whatsoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, and he “cannot” sin because he is born of God.” The meaning of which is, that a person born of God does not commit sin, and possesses a strong moral indisposition to commit it. The word “cannot” is used frequently in scripture, and in all languages, in the sense of moral indisposition to do any thing, and does not mean an absolute impossibility, as will straightly appear by the following passages. In the 11th of Luke

our Saviour gives a parable of successful importunity, in a man who came to borrow bread at dead of night, as illustrative of the necessity of perseverance in prayer. In the 7th verse the man in bed says—“Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are in bed with me; I ‘*cannot*’ rise and give thee.” The man only means a *moral* indisposition; he was too lazy, he did not wish to be disturbed. This phraseology is common in all languages: we often say “Really I am very sorry, but I *cannot* do it.” So in like manner Gen. xxxiv. 14: The sons of Jacob answered the sons of Shechem and his Father, “We ‘*cannot*’ give our sister to one that is uncircumcised; that were a *reproach* to us.” *The reproach* was the moral “*cannot*” that indisposed them to give them their sister. But to quote only one passage more—I will mention Joseph’s answer to the importunity of Potiphar’s wife, which is a beautiful illustration both of Mrs. D—’s meaning, and

the expression of St. John, “How *can I do*,” said Joseph, “this great wickedness and *sin against God?*” (Gen. xxxix. 9.) He was morally indisposed to commit the adultery, from *the fear of God*. The fear of God in this case and in that of Mrs. D— rendered both morally indisposed, so that they “*could not*” bring themselves to sin against God. A man may throw himself down a precipice *if he chooses*, but *natural fear* disposes him to exercise his will not to choose it, so that in common phraseology he “cannot” do it. This accurately illustrates the answers of the man who was in bed with his children, that of the sons of Jacob, and that of Joseph, as well as illustrates the expression made use of by Mrs. D—, and the passage of St. John. It is said of the Patriarchs, in Heb. xi. 15, 16, “If they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, *they might* have had opportunity to have returned” —but they were morally indisposed to

return, they desired a better, a heavenly country.*

Moral inability influences not only finite but infinite being. Though the Almighty possesses infinite power and uncontrolled and sovereign authority; yet his *natural* perfections are regulated by his *moral* attributes and disposition. His sovereign

* The following passages expressive of moral inability has occurred in my readings. "This is a hard saying, who *can* hear it?" John vi. 60. "It *cannot* be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." Luke xiii. 33. "My mind *could not* be towards this people" Jer. xv. 1. The wickedness of the Jews rendered Jehovah *morally* indisposed to his people. "O generation of vipers, *how can ye*, being evil, speak good things? for *out of the heart* the mouth speaketh." Matt. xii. 34. They were morally indisposed, from the wickedness of the heart, (which is the great spring of human action and influencer of the will,) to speak good things. "*How can ye* believe who receive honour one of another?" Worldly ambition and lust of human applause and approbation, renders man indisposed and *morally incapable* of believing on Christ unto life everlasting. "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him;" not absolutely cannot, but morally cannot—he is indisposed.

good will and pleasure are perfectly distinguished from arbitrary caprice or useless exhibition and expenditure of power. His free agency, like that of other moral agents, is influenced by his disposition—a disposition indeed which can never prompt him to exercise his power in a way that is inconsistent with his own character, or the most beneficent purposes to the creature. This statement is no encroachment upon that free agency which of necessity is possessed by the Deity in the sublimest and strictest sense. It is rather pregnant with the most endearing encouragement to sinners, while it is full of fearful import to the hardened and impenitent. It sets the character of God in the most amiable, and his power in the least alarming, view. Though Israel had repeatedly sinned against Jehovah, yet his long-suffering and mercy strangely and blessedly betrayed him into the abandonment of his quiver and bow of vengeance. He *could not* find it in him “to stir up all

his wrath," but his mercy counteracted his attribute of justice, and constrained him to visit his people with a chastised and measured chastisement. The Almighty, we find, is melted into forbearance by the constraining influence of mercy; and amidst the threatenings of impending judgments, with a tenderness unknown to man, exclaims—"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Asmah? How shall I set thee as Zeboim? mine *heart* is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together. I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger." Jehovah was *indisposed* to execute his judgments: his heart, his disposition, his mercy, in a word, a *moral inability to destroy*, induced *him to will* the redemption of his people.

While the Deity is thus *influenced* by a free, gratuitous love *to will* either the salvation of Israel or a lost world, and finds it not in his heart to execute the fierceness of his anger; the depravity of

man, on the other hand, produces a moral restraint in the free exercise of his benevolent intentions. The perverseness of Israel in the time of Moses, hindered the speedy accomplishment of God's gracious purposes, and the unbelief and depravity of the Jews rendered Christ *morally incapable* of performing all that was in his heart to do for them. Thus the wickedness of the Jews raised such an aversion in the mind of Jehovah, that the Almighty exclaims, "My mind *could not* be towards this people;" their depravity rendered him *morally incapable* of blessing them. The two sublimest apostrophes likewise that are extant in any language here present themselves as illustrative of this statement, and calculated to silence the captious disputant. "O that my people had hearkened unto me, and Israel had walked in my ways! I should soon have subdued their enemies, and turned my hand against their adversaries. The haters of the Lord should have submitted themselves unto him; but their

time should have endured for ever. He should have fed them also with the finest of the wheat, and with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee." "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often *would I have gathered* thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Jehovah in the Old, and Jesus in the New Testament, *would have* but yet *could not* bestow his blessing; the unbelief and wickedness of the Jews rendered them *not absolutely, but morally* incapable, *i. e.* indisposed to exercise their mercy.

The depravity and unbelief of man, be it here remaked, not only *influences* God in the exercise of his *moral* but even *natural* perfections. Faith is the principle by which the Supreme is regulated in the exhibition of miraculous powers no less than in the exercise of his mercy. However inefficient and delusive faith is with-

out divine authority, yet it was by this principle that Sarah conceived and had a son. A person commissioned by Jehovah and possessing all the credentials of a true mission, must possess faith to enable him to display his miraculous endowments. A certain quota of faith, is likewise required of those to whom these powers are manifested and on whom the blessing is conferred. This faith, it is true, is the arbitrary appointment of God. His power is perfectly independent of the vacillating principles of the creature, or the boundless caprice of passion and of fancy. Faith, however, is the principle which the supreme Being has established as a necessary adjunct and appendage to divine authority and power. Without this faith, the power of God is frustrated, the Deity is confined, and the Omnipotent becomes not absolutely but morally incapable of exercising even his *natural* perfections. Jesus, it is written, *could do no* miracles because of their unbelief—*not*

absolutely could not if he chose, but morally could not: he was indisposed, from their unbelief, to perform a miracle, as, in the preceding paragraph, in the same sense and from the *same cause, he would*, but yet *could not*, exercise his mercy.

But these observations and illustrations may be brought to explain other seeming contradictions, and will give a simple solution to a difficult question in theology. Our Saviour says in one place, "*Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life :*" and in another place he says, "*No man can come except the Father draw him.*" The scriptures cannot be broken : both then must be true ; but how are we to reconcile this seeming contradiction ? Nothing is more easy. The former illustrations will easily solve this knotty question. The will of man is free ; but it does not follow that he will exercise it contrary to *moral indisposition*, as we have just illustrated. Men, before they are drawn by God, have a

moral indisposition to go to Christ, as they have afterwards (as in the case of Joseph) to sin against him. The will of the man who was in bed with his children, that of the sons of Jacob, that of Joseph, that of the man who would not throw himself down the precipice—was perfectly free to do that which was required of them—but they *could not*—not absolutely could not, but morally could not; they were indisposed from various causes already given.

The will of man, in like manner, is perfectly free to seek Christ or not; but still they “*cannot come unto him*,”—not absolutely cannot, but morally cannot—they are indisposed. When the disposition is given, the will readily complies with the disposition, and follows it as in the case above given. Both cases are precisely parallel; in both, the will is free, but in both they are morally indisposed—they cannot. The man in bed with his children under the influence of

drowsiness and pleasure of a warm bed, “*cannot*” get up to give his friend the bread—although his will is free. The man under influence of natural fear, “*cannot*” throw himself down the precipice—although his will is free. The sons of Jacob, under the influence of shame and reproach, “*cannot*” give their sister in marriage—although their wills were free. Joseph, under the influence of fear and love of God, “*cannot*” commit adultery—although his will was free. The patriarchs, under the influence of a desire for a heavenly country, “*could not*” return back to their old country—although their wills were free. Mankind, under the influence of the love of the world, sin, as well as hatred to purity, chastity, piety, holiness, God and his Christ, *cannot go* to Christ—although their wills are free. All these several parties are morally indisposed. What a simple solution is this of what seemed so contradictory! *This* is the condemnation, that

light is come into the world, but men *love* darkness. We all readily embrace what we love, whether it is God or Mammon, however free the will may be. The language of our hearts and prayers should be, draw me, incline my heart, for it is thus that God *virtually* works in us both to will and to do. The will, as in common life, readily complies with the suggestions of the affections.

Should the pious Calvinist rather stickle at the concurrence of the will on the part of man with the disposition given by God; this, let me observe, is not only consistent with universal experience on other subjects left to our choice, but is recognized in the exercise of every Christian virtue. Faith and repentance, as well as all other Christian graces, while they are *the gift* of God, are *the act* of the creature. The creature has no glory whatever in the free concurrence of his will—for had not the disposition been given, *never, never* would the will

have exercised itself towards Christ, and things heavenly. But this statement of things is far from diminishing aught from the glory of God, who virtually works in us both to will and to do, and who has wrought all our works in us: it rather gives it additional lustre, while it preserves it from the tarnish which otherwise cleaves to it. The watch which moves with such beautiful regularity in consequence of a just position of its various wheels, and the vitality of its spring, redounds surely more to the honour of the workman than those foolish toys of watches possessed by children, which contain no principle of action, and have no motion whatever, unless the hands are forcibly impelled. I shall leave it to the delicacy of the reader's taste and imagination to finish the simile so illustrative of our being God's workmanship, and the mode of Divine communication to the soul.

From these preceding paragraphs, the

following inferences and corollaries naturally arise. These I shall express in fewest words, and leave them to the understanding of the reader to form and deduce.

I. We see from this the danger of forming doctrines from mere idiomatical expressions which require the grammarian as much as divine to explain.

II. Truth must be viewed in every aspect, and comprehensively embraced; otherwise our conceptions of it, like some abortions, will be distorted and monstrous.

III. Since the moral perfections of God (as we have shown) regulate his conduct, and thereby influence his will; when we have ascertained what those moral perfections are, (as we can from the scriptures,) we may be assured that the Deity, like other moral agents, will act according to his character. From this we have the clearest demonstration that it is morally *impossible* for God—

1. To be the author of sin.
2. To be the *proper* author of misery.
3. To predestinate men to hell.
4. Not to wish moral agents to continue in obedience.

5. To predestinate, purpose, plan, bring to pass any thing of a pernicious and mischievous tendency.

6. Those circumstances can only be properly referred to the providence or actings of God, which are consistent with his character. Not but what the universe is under his *control* and government; and if the universe, then the minutest atom, for the whole is but composed of parts. A grape-stone might have choked Luther in his childhood; and an additional drop of laudanum might have prematurely hurried Mrs. Witty to death, to judgment, and to hell. God will not suffer either the matter and the elements, or the free actions of his creatures, to disturb his plans and operations. These he makes subservient to his purposes to work his sovereign will. *Those circumstances only, then, let it be repeated, are the actings or product of his providence, which are consistent with his character*; otherwise by his providence he has established Mahometanism, &c. &c.; in other

words, he is the author of a lie and sin. Which is an argument *reductio ad absurdum*.

7. None need to dread the power of God but the wicked, and they must.

IV. It has been remarked in one of the paragraphs, that free agency is possessed by the Deity in the sublimest and strictest sense; and yet I have distinctly illustrated and proved, that both in his *moral* conduct, and in the exercise of his *natural* perfections, his *will* is influenced by his *disposition*. I have likewise shown and illustrated how *the will* of man is influenced by *his* disposition. From this it incontrovertibly follows—

1. The free will of all moral agents, finite or infinite, is *one and the same*—as it respects the way in which the will is influenced.

2. To maintain that man is not a free agent because he is influenced by his disposition, is to maintain that God is not a free agent; for he is influenced by *his* disposition.

V. If the free will of moral agents, whether finite or infinite, were not influ-

enced by their disposition, it would be exercised in the most boundless and dangerous caprice. God might make a holy angel happy at one moment, and miserable the next; might call worlds into being one moment, and into nothingness the next; in a word, would act without intelligence, without justice, without benevolence, and without design—in a word, would not be God. A man, too, might fondle his child one moment, and cut its throat the next; might build a house, and then set it on fire—in a word, act the part of a fool and madman. From this it appears beyond all doubt,

1. Some *moral* impossibilities are as great as *natural* impossibilities, which involve in themselves an absolute contradiction. For that God should act without *intelligence*, without *justice*, without *benevolence*, without *design*, is to say that God is and yet is not—in other words, that this pen is and yet is not, which is an *absolute* impossibility. And yet this we maintain, if we maintain that the free will of God is not influenced by his indisposition.

2. That it is not only consistent with the most perfect freedom of the will of *all* intelligent creatures that they should act according to their dispositions, but that it is even a *contradiction* in terms to suppose, or maintain, or *even conceive*, a being of intelligence and possessing all the qualities of a moral agent, and yet uninfluenced in the free exercise of his will by his disposition.

VI. Conduct is the free act of the will, influenced by the disposition. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. From this it follows, that the heart, the disposition, must be changed for the conduct to be changed. Unless a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God.

While I have thus discussed these subjects with perspicuity, and I hope satisfaction, I can only say that it is all the result of the most anxious inquiry into the scriptures, unassisted by any commentators, and unenlightened by any theological writing. I have brought a

mind unfettered by human systems, and sincerely desirous of truth. To this may be added, an ineffable contempt for the sounds of Armenian, Calvinist, Orthodox, and Evangelical, or any such like jargon and buffoonery.

Monday October 4.—I called on her at two o'clock, but as she had not been asleep all night, and had just fallen asleep, I would not disturb her, but sent her the following letter and a sermon to read.

“ October 4.

“ My dear Madam,

“ I called and waited some time, but would not let you be disturbed, as you had not fallen asleep till eleven o'clock. May you sleep ultimately in Jesus Christ, and be locked, not in the arms of death, but in his everlasting arms. It is as great a disappointment to me as to yourself, that I could not see you; but refreshing sleep is absolutely necessary for you to apply your whole soul with vigour to the obtaining salvation through the blood of the cross. I cannot call this evening, as I am engaged; but though

I am absent in body, yet, as the Apostle expresses it, I am present with you in spirit, and by faith witness your supplications to God for mercy through Christ, as well as assist you in my prayers, which I offer on your behalf. I wish to impart all my knowledge to you, 'some spiritual gift, that you may be edified.' I send you a volume of my sermons: but there are only three that I wish you to read, as the others will not suit you. Read, at present, *only* the first in the book, till I come to see you. Those parts of it which are above your understanding, I have marked that you may skip. Read it, namely, the one on the text 'I am the way, truth, and life,' with much attention. The sermon is entirely upon Jesus Christ whom I wish you to know, love, worship and honour. 'I desire, with the Apostle Paul, to know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified:' this has been my sole conversation with you—'who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Read nothing but what I tell you, as it may waste your time. ———'s Lectures are of no use to you; they are too superficial, and contain not distinct and definite truth. Lay them aside. Pray fervently to Jesus Christ to be your light, your life, your shepherd, your

high priest, your advocate and intercessor, your portion and inheritance, your pearl of great price, which you must value above life, death, or worldly pleasures. Pray him to be, as it is written in the scriptures, 'your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' 'Wisdom' [*i. e.* the author of spiritual knowledge to your soul by enlightening and teaching you.] 'Righteousness' [*i. e.* the author of a justifying righteousness, imputed to you by faith.] 'Sanctification' [*i. e.* the author of your sanctification by the energies of his Spirit on your soul.] 'Redemption' [*i. e.* the author of your salvation by the ransom he made for you by his death and sufferings.]

May Jesus Christ manifest himself to you as he does not unto the world, and take up his abode with you. And may your body, which has been polluted and defiled by the sins and pollutions of yourself and others, now be made the temple 'of the Holy Ghost,' which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ.

"I am, dear Madam,

"Your very affectionate and faithful Minister,

"HENRY REVELL."

"P. S. As you read my sermon, turn it into prayer."

Tuesday October 5.—I called in the evening. When I had entered the room, she exclaimed; “O Sir! I was so disappointed at not seeing you yesterday. I was awake till eleven, and then reckoned that I should sleep two hours and be ready to receive you; for your visits refresh me much more than sleep. Your letter, however, was some compensation for your absence. I have not been able to read hardly at all the last two days, I have been so ill; but I have prayed more earnestly than ever. I have felt a deeper horror and shame upon my past life, than I felt a fortnight before, or ever felt. I felt at one time such a sense of my vileness, that I was ashamed to pray to Christ: but yet I could not but pray to him, and beseech him not to cast me out—but that he would of his infinite mercy suffer me to take the lowest place in heaven, and enter into his kingdom. I confessed to him,” (she continued, with tears running down her cheeks,) “that I

was unworthy to wash his feet with my tears, and to wipe them with the hairs of my head. After I had thus confessed my sins to him—(but I cannot tell you, Sir, half what I prayed and felt)—I had, I think, something of that joy and love to Christ which I have heard you describe. I am afraid I was presumptuous, for I said to myself, O yes, I am one of thy sheep—thou hast restored me to the fold. I tried to check myself in this, but I could not destroy this conviction.” I told her I had no authority to say that her confidence was unwarrantable, but the reverse. “I wish you,” said she, “to know every thought and prayer I utter—I wish you to know me even as God knows me. I can assure you” (continued she with the utmost modesty) “I do not thus disclose to you all my thoughts, to show you my quickness in learning and receiving your instructions; nor even to show you that I am edified and really benefited by your instructions,

and that your labour is not thrown away—but I am only desirous to be saved—I am only anxious to be truly converted, and truly penitent : and as I cannot, dare not answer for myself, I thus tell you all, that you may instruct me accordingly, and let me know whether my repentance is genuine or not, and that I may be put in the right way.

I then expounded 2 Corin. v. ; when I came to the words, “ The love of Christ constraineth us,” she said, “ Yes, Sir, it is that love which constrains you to visit me and others. You walk in Christ’s steps, and you have shown the very mercy of Christ in condescending to visit me.” I replied that it was no condescension whatever in my visiting her—that Christ visited and sought out sinners like her—and that it was only my duty to do so. She then alluded to my last letter, and expressed her gratitude for it, and her unworthiness of the manner in which I had styled myself, (*viz.*

“ your affectionate minister.”) “ I feel it,” said she, “ whatever you may say to the contrary, that a person so pure and holy as you, should have expressed yourself so toward one so vile as myself.” I replied, “ As I consider you now a penitent believer in Christ, I look upon you quite in a new light, in a new character. When I styled myself ‘ your affectionate minister,’ I did not consider what you had been, but what you are now. When the adultress was brought before Christ, he would not condemn her to death, though her penitence is not recorded. And can I dare to cast a stone at you who am myself a sinner, and stand in need of the same mercy, especially when I believe that you are truly penitent.” This affected her to tears. Upon 15th verse, “ should not henceforth live to themselves,” I applied the exposition to herself, and begged her to repent upon her past selfishness and heartlessness. “ Were I briefly,” said I, “ to sum up

in one word your character, I should say, that you have been a dreadful heartless woman." "I have been dreadfully and disgustingly heartless," she replied, "but I pray God earnestly to give me a new heart, to give me a heart of flesh."

When I came to the words, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away—all things are become new:" she said, "O I do hope that I am a new creature in Christ, for all things are quite new to me. I view every thing in a new light to what I once did. I can assure you, Sir, that there is nothing in the world that can give me the slightest pleasure. No worldly thoughts or wishes enter my mind: I only wish to be saved—I desire nothing but Christ as my treasure—as long as I can read my Bible and pray I am happy." Upon the words, "we might be made the righteousness of God in him," she said, "I pray Christ to robe me with his righteousness, for I have none."

Wednesday, Oct. 6th. I called about half past two. She had not slept all night, her cough and expectoration so troubled her. She alluded to part of the conversation she had with me the day before, and seemed a little embarrassed at having said that her desire for me to know all her thoughts and prayers, was not to convince me that she was edified by my instruction. I could perceive her delicacy, and relieved her by saying, "You did it, I know, not for my sake, but for your own sake." "Yes, Sir," she replied, "I wish you to know all my thoughts and feelings, that you may know my real state and put me in the right way." I expounded the 14th of St. John's gospel, on the words "I go to prepare a place for you." When I stated for whom that place of blessedness was prepared, namely, for the worthless and vile like herself, but yet *penitent* sinners, a holy joy beamed in her face. In order to make a practical deduction applicable

to herself, I observed, " Christ prepares us for the place which he has gone to prepare. How unfitted are we by nature and practice for that holy place, and what a mighty change must be wrought in us in any measure to fit us for it! Apply then, madam, this to yourself. Consider how you have been contaminated and polluted with sin—how sin has been inseparable from you, how it has become identified and one with you, and a component part of yourself—how it has been your element—how"— She stopped me, and with the most profound humility, and with an originality of thought that astonished me, she said, " Sir, it has *been my very existence.*" I then showed that nothing but the transcendent power of God, which raised Christ from the dead, could dissolve the union between sin and our souls, which otherwise is indissoluble. The energies of her mind seemed to grasp the subject far beyond my own powers of description, and to enter fully into it.

Upon the words "If ye ask any thing in my name I will do it," she said, "I pray earnestly and repeatedly to Christ to present your prayers (which you offer for me) to the Father, that they may be accepted. And I likewise pray to Christ that he would take those prayers, which I have offered in an unbecoming manner, and present them in such a form and shape as may be accepted by my heavenly Father." Upon the words, "If ye ask any thing in my name I will do it," she said, "I likewise pray to Christ, that as I am unworthy, he would return thanks to my heavenly Father for his having given me to him!" This reader, indeed is divinity of the purest kind—from the lips too of a degraded, but yet penitent prostitute. Upon the words "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and you in me, and I in you," she said, "Yes, Sir, then we shall know that it is a *reality* and no fiction!" Upon the words, "We will come and take up

our abode with him," she said, " While I lie in this bed and pray to Christ, I believe that he is in the room with me." " That," said I, is the precise meaning of the passage." Upon the words, " Peace I leave with you," she said, " I don't think that I have felt the peace you describe but once, and that was last Sunday evening, when, as I described to you, I felt myself so vile and wept and lamented over my sins, and then afterwards felt such unspeakable peace, and trusted that I was a sheep of Christ." In reference to the guilt of conscience which I described, she said, " I do assure you, Sir, that I have sometimes thought it impossible for me to be saved, and that I shall be cast into hell; my sins are so great, that I have literally trembled in my bed."

Thursday Oct. 7th. She had passed a refreshing night. She thanked me for a sermon in my volume I had given her to read. The text was, 1 John iii. 1—3.

In reference to the passage where I described that the Christian is subject to hopes and fears to which the world are strangers, she observed, "That, Sir, is most true ;] I have new hopes and fears. In reflecting upon my past life and reviewing and confessing my sins, I am filled with a horror and shame which I cannot describe. At such times I sometimes think it is quite impossible for me to be saved. But I remember how merciful Christ was, and I believe still is, to sinners. And therefore when I have prayed very earnestly, my fears are greatly and sometimes entirely dispelled, and are succeeded by a lively hope. I happened last night to burn my finger by the rushlight," said she, showing me the place, "and you have no idea what a number of reflections arose in my mind in consequence. I said to myself, if such pain is caused by so small a flame, what will be the torments of hell when both body and soul will be destroyed in hell

fire! What an awful scene, Sir, will be the judgment day!" I then explained what was meant by the worm that never dieth, which she did not understand. In reference to the other parts of the sermon which she said were very consoling and applicable to herself, she observed; "The love which God has to us causes our hearts in unison to love him. I hope, Sir, I know what that is. The observation likewise in the sermon, that this love of God is sometimes exercised upon those who are in the dregs of society, is applicable to myself and consoling—for I have been in the very dregs of society." In the course of conversation she likewise said, "I have sometimes thought what my life would be if I were restored to health. I have thought of the delight I should have in going to church; of the pleasure of shaking hands with holy people, who would not turn away their faces from me; of the pleasure of waking early in the morning to read

my Bible. But I have given up all thoughts whatever of life, for humanly speaking it is impossible for me to recover." I then read and expounded the third chapter of Philippians. Upon the words, "Brethren be followers of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an example," she humbled herself to me with the utmost humility for her conduct towards me, and explained how she had been worked upon by her servant and friends as I have already described. "I have since thought," said she, "what would have become of me if you had not been so meek, so condescending, in renewing your visits to me. I have sometimes thought that I might have gone back—I might have prayed but little and read but little. I should have had none to stimulate me and put me right." In the course of conversation she likewise said, "I feel such love and gratitude to God for his great mercy towards me, that I am unable to express in my prayers

what I feel ; and *then I pray to Christ to express it for me, for he knows exactly what is in my heart !*"

Friday, Oct. 8th. She was so ill in the morning when I called that I could not see her. I therefore called again in the evening. She was delighted to see me, and expressed great sorrow at not having seen me in the morning. She then made anxious inquiry about some sick people whom I was visiting, whose cases I mentioned to her, and in whom she took a very lively interest. She seemed delighted and encouraged with what I told her. The conversation then turned upon herself. " I have still," said she, " greater and greater confidence in Christ—I believe that he prays for me. I ardently desire to win him and to be found in him. I desire, I assure you, Sir, nothing in the world else." I then spoke of the progressive nature of repentance, that there was of course much yet to be done. I exhorted her to be on her guard and

struggle against the weakness of her disease, which might hinder her prayers. "I know, Sir," she replied, "that my repentance must go on; but I feel quite constrained throughout—the more I know the more I want to know—the more I pray the more I want to pray. I feel a restlessness, quite a thirst. One prayer brings on another; one want makes me feel another. There is a complete change, a perfect revolution in all my feelings and wishes." In the course of conversation she alluded to her prodigality and dissipation and her extravagant furniture. Speaking of the latter she said, "I truly thank God that I have none of these memorials of my wickedness by me, as they would remind me of the disgraceful manner by which they were acquired." In speaking of humiliation she said, "I am so anxious in every way to humble myself, that I am always seeking some fresh points on which to humble myself. I shall be truly thankful, Sir, if you will tell

me some fresh ground of humiliation." This she said with bitter tears.

I then read the 85th and 103rd Psalms. On the words "preserve my soul for I am holy," she said, "Where the Psalmist speaks of his purity and holiness, though I feel that I have none, I turn it into prayer that I *may* possess it." Upon the words, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us," she said, "I often think that my sins are so loathsome, that it is impossible for Christ to look upon me. I am filled with shame at the thought of my sins being recorded in the day of judgment." I told her I thought that every person in the world likewise must; but I said it was difficult to say whether or not the sins of penitents would be. Upon verses 13 and 14, I described the effects of disease and bodily weakness in reducing the energies and powers of our minds in reading and praying, though we are ever so willing and desirous. I

showed the extreme weakness as well as sinfulness of human nature, and the tender compassion of God who "knoweth our frames and remembers that we are but dust." This part of the exposition seemed both to touch and astonish her, for she said ; " O, Sir, you have most exactly described my case, just as if I had done it. I cannot read or pray half enough ; I read as long as I can ; but my eyes are weighed down, and then I pray. I cannot pray so earnestly as I would. But the circumstance that God knows the desires of my heart, comforts me when nothing else does. My belief, likewise, that you pray for me is another great consolation. Sometimes I say to myself, perhaps he is even now praying for me ; and I pray Christ to present your prayers to the Father for me. When I thus feel so dissatisfied with myself my heavenly Father pities me, for he knows the desires of my heart. " I sometimes cry, Sir," added she, " that I cannot do more

than I do." Upon the words, "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting," she said with much earnestness "I feel fully assured that were I to recover, God would preserve me and keep me from sin—I feel more confidence in this than any thing else. I do not believe that my heavenly Father and Jesus Christ would have taken so much trouble with me, and then suffer me to fall." This led me to touch upon her past life, and I said, "I have been reflecting very deeply upon your past life, and reviewing very accurately the various points in your character. But forgive my honesty (I continued with utmost tenderness) when I say, that taking a just and sober estimate of your character, I cannot discover the least amiability in you. You seem to have been devoid of all natural feeling, to have had not the slightest affection for any of the men with whom you lived, to have been a perfect virago in temper, to have been

dreadfully heartless, and all amiability from the course of life which you led seems to have become extinct." "That, Sir," she replied, "is, with shame I confess it, a just estimate of my character, and correct in every single point. The horror I have of my heartlessness is beyond my power to describe; but I assure you, Sir, I am likewise filled with disgust at my even fancying that I possessed some amiability. So blind have I been to myself, that I have frequently said to myself, I could never be guilty of what Mrs. This and That person has done; when either I have been soon led to do it, or have been guilty of the very same thing I have condemned in others. And there is one thing, Sir, which presses heavily on my conscience, which I have been anxious to tell you, but either shame has prevented me, or the conversation has not led to it. But now I have the opportunity I eagerly embrace it. This will at once convince you of the just estimation

you have formed of my character, that it is strictly true." She then expressed herself in the following words. "I once knew a young man of the name of — whose father is a clergyman in Essex. He was passionately fond of me, but I exceedingly disliked him. I was very honest to him, for I used to tell him that I hated and detested him. He used to bring me the most expensive jewellery, which, from contempt to him, I used to throw on the ground and stamp under my feet: he spent a great deal on me in this way. He was going abroad, and on the eve of his departure he gave me a farewell dinner, at which some of his friends were present. He was extremely agitated and affected throughout the evening at the thoughts of parting from me. Judge, then, Sir, of my unfeeling heartlessness, that before his face and friends I told him,—that I hated and loathed him as I ever did—that I could be another Millwood to him, that I would spoil him.

of his last shilling, strip his very shirt off his back, and then turn him out of my house. These, Sir, were the words I employed. Every body in the room was horror struck at my declaration, and told me that I should one day bitterly repent for my unfeeling conduct. But this, Sir, is only a specimen of my utter heartlessness—I have been equally heartless to other men, though this is the most unfeeling thing I ever did. He was only about twenty-one years of age.” I paused for a moment with horror. I then with much solemnity said, “ You are, or I should rather say, have been, a most depraved and abandoned woman, impure and heartless beyond all bounds; but,” continued I taking her hand to sooth her agitation, “ I now no longer consider what you have been, but what you are. Your heart is now changed—your heartlessness is turned into tenderness; you are no longer that heartless, that unfeeling woman you once were, but a penitent Mary Magda-

lene, and one who has found mercy at the hands of Christ." I could proceed no further, being almost choked in suppressing my feelings. "O, Sir," said she as I was rising to go, "you must be horrified at me, but O do not leave me, do not leave me—you are too good, I know, to do that—but I am unworthy," said she, weeping bitterly, "you must think me more vile than ever. But I should not make these disclosures did I not bitterly repent of my sins." "No, madam," I replied, "I will never leave you, be comforted; you have disclosed no new trait in your character. It is impossible for me to think worse of you than I have: but I do not consider, as I have already told you, what you have been, but what you are now. Let that cheer you." "It does, Sir," she replied, "and I shall feel more composed presently, and relieved by what I have told you."

I must say that when I reached home,

I felt completely overwhelmed with the burden of her sins, which, with the exception of the guilt of them, I felt entirely as if they were my own. I felt quite overwhelmed with astonishment. If the reader is deeply affected, as he must be, with such a narration, arising to the very poetry of romantic fiction, what must have been my feelings who received this disclosure, and above all was her minister. My feelings, however, returned to their proper equilibrium by reading, before I retired to rest, the third chapter of the epistle to the Romans. The scriptures, with the present case to illustrate them, came to my heart and understanding with a divine energy and power peculiarly their own. In that chapter I learnt with all the freshness, as it were, of new knowledge, that *all* have sinned and come short of God's glory—that there is no *essential* difference, by nature and practice, between any of the sons and daughters of fallen Adam—that as there was no difference in our state, be-

ing all under wrath and condemnation—so likewise there was no difference in our justification, all boasting being excluded by the law of faith; as we were all (as many, at least, as were in a state of acceptance) “justified freely by God’s grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.” “This poor woman,” said I to myself, “through the forbearance of God, is justified by him who is at the same time just, and yet the justifier of every one that believeth in Jesus: through faith in his blood her sins, crimson as they are, are now made white as wool; and polluted with sin, as she has been, she is now infinitely more pure and holy than the chastest women that ever lived, who is seeking her salvation by her works; for ‘by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.’” I retired to rest full of joy and admiration at the wonderful redemption made by Jesus Christ.

Saturday, October 9. I called, and was

anxious to convey the same reflections to her which passed in my own mind on the preceding night. I took the same chapter of the epistle to the Romans, viz. the the third. On verses 19—23, I observed, “ Without in the least degree wishing to palliate your sins or to weaken your impression on account of the guilt and criminality of them, I would endeavour to assure you of your entire freedom from condemnation, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.” From the words which I have just read, I would infuse into your mind the very consolation which I received last night, when I reflected on the enormity of your sins. When therefore you were living in your career of wickedness, the words which I have just read justify me to assert, that there was no virtual and essential difference between you and the chastest woman that ever lived, who yet was not washed in the blood of Christ, and sanctified by Holy Ghost. Mark the words,

“there is no difference.” There was no *real* difference : the difference only consisted in the *degree* of sin, not in *exemption* from it. She, as well as you, was guilty before God, and under wrath and condemnation on account of her sins ; for her imperfect righteousness could never justify her before God. You were *both* on the same footing—*both* of you must plead guilty—*both* of you stood in need of the same mercy : “for *all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” But now follow me further, madam, in my exposition. You who have had a load of guilt and sin, *far greater* than the woman just described, are “justified freely by God’s grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.” The Father has already become propitious to you upon your receiving faith in the atoning blood of Christ, “through the forbearance of God.” So that God is at once “just and yet the justifier of you a guilty sinner, who believeth in Jesus.”

Mark here the difference which *now* exists between you and the woman just described. In your career of wickedness there was no *essential* difference between you both, as you were both under condemnation. But now that you are "accepted in the beloved" and that you are "sealed with that holy Spirit of promise, there is an infinite and eternal difference between you. *She* is unsanctified, but *you* possess essential purity and holiness. You are possessed with a principle of holiness which is not possessed by her. That body of yours once contaminated and polluted with sin, is *infinitely* more holy than hers, for *your* "body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." You are infinitely more pure, infinitely more holy, infinitely more beloved. Your sins are removed from you as far as the east is from the west—"you are created anew in Christ Jesus." "Wonderful! wonderful!" she exclaimed. "O, what comfort! is it possible? that God should be

merciful to me through Christ, and that I should be forgiven, is most wonderful. But what astonishes me most," said she after a pause, "and far more a great deal, is, that I, who am so polluted with sin, should become pure and holy. For I know I must become pure and holy, otherwise I cannot enter into his kingdom. But as you have taught me, I pray as earnestly to Christ to be sanctified by the Holy Ghost, as to be forgiven."

Before I took leave of her I spoke to her about her temper, as Miss F. told me that she scanned too rigidly her servant's conduct, and that she sometimes complained to her about it; and though she did it without any bad feeling, yet, in her opinion, it might in some degree prevent her receiving that full benefit she would otherwise derive from my instruction. I therefore charged her particularly on that head, and told her to be on her guard and watch; and that I would speak or write to her farther on the subject. "Sir,"

said she, "I have such a respect for you and so value your instructions, that nothing is lost upon me. I know my temper is vile, but my servant is very provoking; but I strive against my temper, and pray for myself and servant likewise. But by the help of Jesus Christ you shall hear no more on that head." I promised to send her some ejaculatory prayers for her use on Sunday.

Sunday, October 10.—I sent her the following prayers and letter, which I composed on Saturday night.

[The following prayers may be used in one continued strain, or be offered up by ejaculation, throughout the day, to keep the mind bent on the great subject of human redemption. Those addressed to the Father are of course implied to be offered up through the mediation and intercession of our high priest, Jesus Christ.]

Grant, O heavenly Father, that I may this

day "be renewed in the Spirit of my mind and put on the Lord Jesus Christ." May I this day receive a fresh supply of the Spirit of Christ.

May I this day, O Lord Jesus Christ, go in thy strength, thy fear, and in thy love.

Do thou, O heavenly Father, "work in me both to will and to do of thy good pleasure," "for I am the clay and thou the potter."

Give me grace, O God the Father, to work out my salvation with fear and trembling, and with all diligence, circumspection and perseverance.

O Lord Jesus Christ, "without thee I can do nothing," but "I can do all things if thou wilt strengthen me." Give me strength, give me power.

O Lord Jesus Christ, be thou "my light and life," that I may not walk in darkness, but "have the light of life."

O Son of God, "in thee dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" grant then

that I may "receive out of thy fulness, grace for grace."

Be thou to me, O Christ, "the quickening Spirit"—quicken me, give life to me, O Lord, for I am "dead in trespasses and sins."

Grant, O heavenly Father, "that I may this day have communion and fellowship with thee and with thy Son Jesus Christ; and do thou and thy Son condescend to come and take up your abode with me."

O Lord God Almighty, grant that I may "know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." Be pleased to give me "the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of thy Son Jesus Christ:" "reveal thy Son in me:" "reveal to me the unsearchable riches of Christ." I read that I must be "taught of God" and that "none knows the Son but the Father:" grant me then, O God, this heavenly wisdom. Enable me to come to Christ! draw me to thy Son. "Shine into my heart, and give me the light of the knowledge of thy glory in the face of Jesus Christ." "Flesh and blood cannot reveal Christ"—but thou, and thou only.

O Lord Jesus Christ "no one knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." Reveal then the Father to me, that this God may be my God for ever.

O heavenly Father, grant that the same divine energy by which thou didst raise Christ from the dead, may be exercised in raising me up from the death of sin to newness of life.

O Lord Jesus Christ, be thou a wall of fire round about me, and destroy mine enemies. Let not Satan come near me. Grant that by *thy* power I may triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil, as they have triumphed over me. Make me "more than conqueror" through thyself who hast loved me.

Grant me, O Lord Jesus Christ, "thy flesh to eat, and thy blood to drink; for thy flesh is meat indeed, and thy blood is drink indeed." Grant that I may be one with thee; that I may be "a member of thy mystical body, of thy flesh, and of thy bones."

Grant, O Lord Jesus Christ, that thy life

may be my life; thy spirit my spirit; thy strength my strength.

Grant, O Saviour, that by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, I may be presented as a "chaste virgin to thee, without spot or blemish, or any such thing." "Grant that the white robes of innocence and purity may once more be restored to me," and that I may be created anew in thee.

Grant, O Lord Jesus Christ, that I may be "pure in heart," and "poor in spirit." May I possess thy amiableness, thy disposition, thy purity, thy holiness, and thus bear thy image and likeness.

Grant, O Saviour, that thy Spirit may be in me a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

O heavenly Father, grant that by faith in Jesus Christ I may pass from death unto life.

Grant, O God and Father, that my heart may be touched with the love of Christ; may I experience redeeming love in my soul.

O Lord God Almighty, let not, I pray thee, for the sake of thy Son, let not my sins be as a partition wall between thee and me, either to prevent my prayers ascending up to thee, or thy mercy, thy forgiveness, and all thy other blessings coming down from thee. But open thou the windows of heaven to bless me; open thy hand and bestow upon me the richest gifts and influences of thy Holy Spirit.

O Lord Jesus Christ, I come to thee guilty, that I may be pardoned; weak, that I may be made strong; blind, that I may see; naked, that I may be clothed; poor, that I may be made rich; and having nothing, that I may possess all things.

Lord Jesus, remember me in thine intercessions to the Father; wash me in thy blood; save me or I perish; into thy hands I commend my spirit.

Grant, O Lord Jesus Christ, that there may be a reality, a freshness, a life and vigour, in my faith, joy, love, and gratitude to thee, and in all my other religious affections. Keep alive in me

ever true religion and virtue, deep repentance, and unfeigned humility.

Give me, O Lord and Saviour, by the help of thy Holy Spirit, self-possession, self-government over my temper, and make me meek and gentle as a lamb.

These prayers were accompanied with the following letter : —

“Saturday Evening, Oct. 9, 1830.

“My dear Madam,

“I send you the ejaculatory prayers I promised you, which I hope may assist your aspirations to heaven. Prayer is the pouring out of the soul to God, and is the very essence of piety. Let your prayers to the Father and the Son be ceaseless. Whatever turns the edge of prayer must be studiously avoided. Real spiritual prayer is of such extreme delicacy that, like some tender flowers, it lives and dies in an hour. The least *possible* irritation of feeling chills it as an untimely blast, and instantly destroys its bloom and beauty. Whatever jars with the purity, holiness, meekness, gentleness of Christ, grieves *his* Spirit, and wounds *our* souls. I shall throughout this letter confine my observations to only

one obstruction to prayer, viz. irritability of temper.

“ Your sins are complicated and of so deep a dye, that only by occasional allusions I have been able to speak upon the natural virulence of your temper. That a great and decided change has taken place in this, is undeniable. Your temper, in comparison to what it was, is that of meekness and quietness itself. But whatever improvement has taken place on this head, much, very much remains yet to be done. Consider the meek and lowly Jesus, what infinite forbearance joined with an inimitable tenderness is conspicuous in his character. The dove, too, it may be added, is a beautiful and delightful emblem of that Holy Spirit which overshadowed him and us his disciples. Can that holy Dove, the messenger of peace, nestle in our hearts when they are the seat of either vile affections or angry feelings? The ocean must be calm and unagitated, or it can never reflect the heavens from its bosom. The least agitation destroys the image; it is dissolved and gone, for its existence depends upon the quietness of the mirror. Our souls, in like manner, must be unruffled as the ocean, or they can never reflect the mild light of heaven.

“ My desire—say rather the ambition of the heavenly Father, is not only to render you pure and unpolluted with sin, but to implant in your soul the inimitable virtues of Jesus Christ. ‘ I beseech you, therefore, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.’ The glory of Christ consisted rather in his *passive* virtues and great humility, ‘ who being in the form of God thought it no robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a *servant*; and being found in fashion as a man, he *humbled* himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.’ ‘ Let then, the same mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus’—seek his temper—*submit* to your situation—humble yourself to your servant—give way to her—be ‘ clothed with humility’ and all long suffering; ‘ in patience possess your soul.’ Irritation of feeling, though caused by the ungracious and impertinent conduct of others, will mar that divine unction which I am so anxious to leave with you in all my visits. Your soul ought to be wrapt up in heavenly prayers and meditations—should be so engrossed with your repentance, that you should have no

time, much less inclination, to be affected by the frivolous impertinence of your servant. A repetition of your grievances to others, though attended with no irritation of feeling, (a thing scarcely possible,) will disquiet your mind, disarrange your thoughts, and disturb your penitence.

“I have, throughout this letter, supposed that you are entirely in the right, and that all your complaints are well founded. But without justifying the impertinence of your servant, may you not too strictly and rigidly scan her conduct, and make not sufficient allowance for *your own* infirmities, and weakness? In the paper you gave me on the parable of the sheep, you spoke of ‘your vile temper:’ may you not then have as much cause to condemn yourself as your servant? That you heartily pray for forgiveness for your own irritability of temper, as well as that of your servant, I readily believe; that you also forgive and pray for her, I have no doubt. It is my fervent prayer to God that there may be no flaw in your repentance, that you may possess all the amiability of Christ, his tenderness, meekness, gentleness; for unless you have the spirit of Christ, you are none of his. ‘Let all *bitterness* and wrath, and anger,

and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, *even as God*, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven *you*.'

"O madam, our time at best is short, and the work is great. Let the negligence of your servant be a thing too insignificant to *think*, *feel*, or *speak* upon. Look back upon the past, and forward into futurity, and then see that things now before you are as light as a feather, and unworthy of your regard. Be insensible to every thing but my exhortations and instructions; and let your grief and fretfulness be swallowed up in repentance for your own sins, not those of others. Be dead to your servant, and alive only to me.

"I am, my dear Madam,

"Your very faithful and affectionate Minister,

"HENRY REVELL."

"P. S. Do not suppose that Miss F. has spoken much on this subject. She only told me that she thought you too strictly scanned your servant's conduct, and made not sufficient allowance for her, and that you sometimes harped too much upon it. This she thought might prevent your receiving the full benefit of

my instructions. Believe me, I have written this with all true love and affection, and with an earnest desire to present you perfect before God, blameless, harmless, and unreprouable in his sight. The Lord Jesus Christ be with you to bless, strengthen, and purify you."

To this I received the following answer according to my request:—

"Sunday Evening, Park Street.

"My dear Sir,

"In compliance with your wish, I hasten to answer your letter—I say in compliance with your wish, though I beg to assure you, the desire and the greatest desire of my heart is to answer all your letters. But I have neither strength of mind nor body to do so—to answer *such letters*; it ought to be a person not only educated, but one who has spent a pure and holy life, not such an one as I am, bent down with shame and confusion, overwhelmed with a consciousness of my great unworthiness, polluted and contaminated both in mind and body, having led a life of *deep sin, horror and shame, of guilt and infamy*. Am I then a fit person to answer such letters? O no—laying aside my

want of capacity, I feel I am not worthy. I am indeed pressed down with my weight of obligations to you ; your condescension is so exceeding, and I feel you do me too much honour in writing and taking such pains with me. And the only manner in which I am able to reconcile all your kindnesses to me a vile and miserable wretch, is by believing you to be one of the beloved disciples of Christ, and that you are walking humbly in the paths he has walked, calling and encouraging repenting sinners, giving them fresh life, fresh strength and vigour, ever giving to them a new heart and mind, comforting and refreshing their souls with the precious balm of the redeeming Saviour. Yes, I have oft of late, felt that balm in my heart, poor and miserable as I am ; and after having prayed that Christ would be in me ‘a well of water springing up unto eternal life,’ I have felt a calm in my soul not to be defined. I can only compare it to a refreshing draught from a *pure spring* when nearly dead with thirst. I have sometimes of late, thought you do not think my repentance deep enough. I have felt very sorry because I have not the means of showing you—indeed I know it not myself. But there is one thing ; I have never felt really unhappy at your

doubts or my own, and that from the conviction that though we know not ourselves, our Almighty Father does. All I can tell you of my own knowledge of my repentance is, that if I thought it insincere or incomplete now, I should be unutterably wretched—I should feel that hell was my portion. . But at present, though I feel I have merited hell as my portion, I have such reliance on the promises of God, such faith in the blood of my Redeemer, who shed it even for sinners such as me ; that I hope and trust in God that I am not presumptuous in believing that, however low the station may be, I shall have a portion in heaven, and that my Lord and Saviour Christ is preparing the place. I know full well that your great anxiety about my repentance proceeds from your boundless wish to present me pure and holy to the Father, and therefore well could I wish to set you at peace— but the power is not mine. I can only tell you, that I have a deep horror of my whole life of infamy, that I pray deeply, fervently, sincerely and unceasingly for pardon and forgiveness of it. And I can assure you that at times I have felt a full conviction that I am pardoned. I also at times have fears—yet, of late, the feeling of pardon is predominant. I

believe that Christ is still as merciful as when he pardoned Mary Magdalene ; and, though I feel I am a still greater sinner, yet I feel my love is as great as hers, (or rather, that I have the desire to love even more than she did,) and that though I cannot have the honour she had of washing the feet of my blessed Redeemer, yet my desire to do it is as great—I feel I am a presumptuous wretch in the desire—me, a vile, polluted and contaminated wretch like me, to dare to think of approaching so near Christ, seems in me, of itself a sin. But he is merciful and free to forgive, and this is my comfort.

“ With regard to the subject of your letter to day, rely upon my full completion of all its desires. I will obey you strictly in every thing ; it is but little in return for your troubles and anxieties on my account. You, in your letter, seem to think I should feel angry with Miss F. Indeed, my dear Sir, any thing that will cause you to give me advice or direct me in any way, must, and can only give me pleasure. My heart is so full, and I seem to have a great deal more to say, but I am interrupted—must therefore (though with *sorrow*) conclude, and in doing so, I beg the Almighty to shower his choicest blessings on your head, for all your

kindness to me ; and beg you will believe me to remain, with sincere and grateful thanks for all the trouble I have given you, and with a lively sense of your kind instructions,

“ Very respectfully yours,

“ M. L. WITTY.

“ P. S. You must accept my warmest and best thanks for the really beautiful prayers you sent me to-day. Believe me, though mentioned last, they are not the least in my thoughts. I will use them often in the course of the day. I did not receive your letter until near six o'clock this evening—it only wanted twenty minutes to it.”

I think the reader will agree with me, that with regard to true pathos, deep feeling and genuine repentance and humility, this letter is one of the most beautiful specimens in our language. But it is only of a piece with all her conversations.

Monday, October 11.—When I called she thanked me much for my letter. “ When I began,” said she, “ to write the letter I sent you last night, I fully in-

tended to answer the contents of yours. But as I always write without premeditation, I wrote on what was most in my heart—indeed my heart was so full, I could not express half what I wanted. I was about to enter into the subject of your letter, when a person called on me. I am afraid I made great mistakes in it, as I did not read it over before I sealed it.” I then asked her why she thought I doubted the sincerity of her repentance. “Because,” said she, “you often, especially of late, have looked at me with a very earnest and scrutinizing look, and said, “I hope your repentance is deep—I hope it is sincere!” “I have done this,” I replied, “repeatedly I know, when I have felt quite stunned from the magnitude of your sins. I have felt, at your recital of circumstances, quite overpowered at your depravity, and well knowing the necessity of a corresponding repentance, I have trembled for you, and have endeavoured to sift you and read

your very thoughts. But that I have thought your repentance both deep and genuine, you ought to be convinced, when on Saturday I told you for your comfort, when you seemed almost swallowed up with grief, that I felt as certain of your salvation, as that I hold this pen in my hand." "That indeed," she replied, "gave me great comfort to hear you say so; but, Sir, I would not dare to say it of myself—I should tremble to say so, I feel a kind of trust and even confidence that my sins are pardoned, but not so great as to say what you did of me." I told her she was right—as we all should have greater confidence in others than in ourselves. I then spoke very seriously to her upon the subject of my last letter, and enlarged a great deal upon the extensive nature of her repentance. "I have prayed," said she, "very earnestly over your letter, and turned it into prayer. But I can assure you, Sir, that though you have spoken very little

to me on the subject, it has been a great grief to me. I have felt my temper before, and condemned myself on account of it. When I have felt this vile temper in me, I have said to myself, Is this walking in Christ's paths? Did Christ show any bad temper? And I have thought within myself, if Christ had shown the least temper he would have been guilty of sin; and then, Sir, how could he have saved us? He would have been like the first Adam, and fallen, and then never could have recovered us." The profoundness of this remark, and the simplicity with which she said it, perfectly astonished me. She then described how she often struggled against her temper, and how it sometimes got the better of her. "I have, I assure you, Sir, from suppressing my temper, and not giving vent to it, quite trembled from it. I have prayed Christ to calm me, and then after a time I have felt composed and quieted. I have felt this vile temper

in me when apparently I have spoken mildly. But still I hope I am a great deal better on the whole. I once went a whole day from sulkiness without taking any thing else but my medicines. This was of course a long time before you came to me." She then acknowledged the truth of my observations on the effect of temper, in checking the spirit of prayer. "I have sometimes felt," said she, "not only in a right spirit of prayer from my temper; but I have prayed to Christ to give me a proper spirit to calm my temper. I was particularly struck with that part of your letter where you spoke of Christ being grieved by our temper. That led me into a long prayer upon the subject; and I prayed to Christ to forgive me for having grieved him through the past week by my temper. But, Sir, I hope more and more to amend; for I will follow your advice implicitly." I then expounded 2 Phil. On the words, "If there be any consolations in Christ,"

she said, "I believe that Christ is touched with divine compassion towards me, and pities me." On the words, "In lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves," I enforced humility towards man as well as God, and that the former only showed the sincerity of the latter. She applied it to herself, and said, "I wish to humble myself; I have at times reproached myself more than Elizabeth." On the words, "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow," I described the worship and honour due to Christ. She then said, "I feel quite unworthy to worship him or mention his name. I approach him in my prayers with an indescribable shame; but he was so merciful, and I believe still is; that I feel though I am the vilest wretch that ever crawled upon the earth, yet he will be merciful to me, and that he hears my prayers." On the words, "All seek their own," I spoke of her former heartlessness and selfishness. "True,

Sir," she replied, " but I believe and feel there is an entire change in me in every respect. I only desire the things that are Jesus Christ's. I will give you what I consider a proof of my change. I once ridiculed and despised in my heart religious people. If a person had spoken to me on the subject, I should have been irritated and disgusted with their long preaching. But now nothing delights me so much as this subject. I cannot tell you, Sir, how I look forward for your visits. I am always grieved when you will not allow me to be roused from my sleep."

Tuesday, Oct. 12. In conversation she said, " I feel a greater and greater indifference as to human opinion; and I am most ready at any time, should you wish it, to humble myself to Mrs. K. and Miss F., not that I think they would not be charitable to me." She had before offered to do the same thing, when, the day before she took the last sacrament, she

gave me her history. "But as," said she, "Mrs. K. did not make any inquiries about me, or ask for any reference, I did not consider myself bound to tell her, as it was her place to make inquiry if she thought proper. I never deceived her; she only required punctuality of payment. I have conducted myself with the strictest propriety since I have been in her house." I would not allow her to humble herself more than I thought was necessary; but I was much pleased at her spontaneous readiness to do so. She then alluded to my last letter. "I have," said she, "thought more and more on the subject of your last letter. I read it, as indeed I do all your letters, every day. I make every part of them a subject of prayer. As I was unable last night to sleep, I spent nearly the whole of it in prayer respecting my temper, and prayed most earnestly to Christ to subdue it. I prayed likewise that my repentance might increase and go on, and that my temper

may not prevent my repentance being complete. I see, Sir, that you desire to make me complete and perfect, and I ardently desire it in my prayers. There is one thing I wanted to tell you which I think I have forgotten. Before you visited me, Miss F. requested me to address my prayers particularly to Christ; and perhaps you remember one day when you were beginning to visit me, that you requested me to do the same. Miss F. then said, 'There, my dear, did I not tell you to do the same.' But still for all Miss F. told me, and even at first for all that you told me, I had no confidence in Christ, for I only thought him some great man like any other great, and good man I had read of in history. But now I pray indifferently either to the Father or Son, according as I am inclined; but I pray principally to Christ; for I believe that by praying to the Son I pray to the Father, and by praying to the Father, I am praying to the Son—for they are but

one person." I told her that they were two persons, but by worshipping either she worshipped both, as one could not be worshipped without the other—as there was but one God, "Yes, Sir," she replied, "that is exactly what I mean; I give thanks to the heavenly Father for his revealing Christ in me, and enabling me to receive your instructions respecting Christ. I pray over, likewise, that prayer of yours to the Father to teach me Christ, and reveal Christ to me, and to draw me more and more to him."

I then expounded 1 Pet. v. ; On the word in the 10th verse, "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory," she said, "God has opened my heart. But I should think," continued she with great simplicity and amiable ignorance, "that your instructions, Sir, would soften any heart." I told her, that God prepared her heart to receive my instructions. I then described the awful insensibility of many persons even on a

dying bed. She seemed amazed at this, and thoughtful, as if incapable of accounting for it. On the words, "Make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you," she said, "I have the greatest confidence in God, that he will establish me, and perfect the work of repentance. And I earnestly pray that you may have a clear proof of the genuineness of my repentance." In the course of conversation, with ineffable simplicity she observed, "My cough last night troubled me very much; and I humbly prayed that if I was not presumptuous in so doing, he would relieve my cough and pains—nevertheless, I prayed, not my will but thine be done."

Wednesday, Oct. 13.—I called in the evening. She was exceedingly ill, had eaten nothing, and had vomiting and fainting fits. She lay in a very exhausted state, her voice very weak, with a perspiration of debility on her skin. She, however was calm, collected, and perfectly composed.

“I fancied,” said she, “awhile ago, that it was my last hour; but I had a perfect confidence in Christ that he was ready to receive me, and present me pure and sanctified to the Father. I felt the most delightful calm, that if he took me in the midst of my prayer he would receive me. I felt last night that I had deserved the lowest hell; yet that he of his great mercy had redeemed me, and would present me to the Father.” I then read, without expounding, the 91st Psalm. On the words, “He hath set his love upon me,” she said, “I prayed last night that I might love him more and more, and be more grateful to him, if possible; I had a holy faith that I was saved when I fancied myself dying.” I then repeated various consolatory texts, such as “God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, &c. &c.” She then said with the deepest feeling, “I often think how wonderful is the scheme of salvation—how truly wonderful—especially for

such miserable wretches as we are. I know that I have broken every commandment of God and man; and therefore I feel it so much more that God sent his Son to save us." I then repeated the text, "He that hath the Son hath life, &c." and observed that there was no life but in Christ. Upon this she said, "I always, in my prayers, pray Christ to be in me, and I in him, and that he would manifest himself to me as he does not unto the world in general—and that I may eat of his flesh and drink his blood; all which you have taught me. I always endeavour to form my prayers from yours, and try, after you have gone, to pray as you did." I then read, without expounding, the 17th of St. John's gospel. On the words "I have finished the work," she observed, "What a wonderful work—how easily it might have been lost?" In the course of the reading she said, with a simplicity, feeling, and solidity of judgment which surprised me, "I have

great comfort upon thinking that Christ would not by any means tell an untruth. And yet he says, ‘ He that *believeth* shall be saved,’ ‘ he that *believeth* on the Son hath everlasting life ;’ all these kind of passages give me great comfort and confidence, for I do most truly believe on him.” She evidently derived a double consolation from this, not only from the condescending terms of salvation so suited to our miserable condition, viz. faith in Christ, but from the conviction that Christ could not tell an untruth. This double act of faith, this observation greatly surprised me ; her conviction that the holy Jesus could not tell an untruth, was evidently the *cause* of her consolation that she should be saved by that faith, which Christ declared to be the medium of conveying eternal life, and which faith she was conscious of possessing. This showed a surprising solidity of judgment, reflection, common sense, and sound divinity. In the course of the reading she

said, "I laid and thought last night what a wonderful thing it is that I should have known Christ in so short a time as two months. And I said to myself, if I have known so much of him from Mr. Revell in two months, what should I have learnt from him in a year. I feel every fortnight and every week more comfort, more confidence in Christ!" This she said in allusion to what I had told her the preceding evening respecting a person whom I once visited every week for a whole year, and who at the end of it was as ignorant as she was the first day I visited her. I gave her the case as illustrative of the necessity of a divine power to enlighten the understanding, and above all touch the heart. On the words, "That the love wherewith thou hast loved them may be in them and I in them," "I feel," she said, "that I am the most unworthy creature that ever crawled, and that the honour is too great."

Thursday, Oct. 14.—I called in the

evening. She was a great deal better, and her appetite had somewhat returned. "I prayed last night," said she, "that Christ would give me sweet sleep, that I might awake refreshed in order that I might devour his gospels and feed on his promises. The riches of Christ are to me unsearchable, for if I were to live a thousand years, I should find something new every day." I then spoke of the ejaculatory prayers I had sent her, and told her to study them much in order that she might enter more and more into the spirit of them. "My prayers," said she, "are altogether quite different to what they once were. I was always obliged to use a form of prayer, such as the visitation of the sick, and some of the morning prayers in the prayer-book. But when I had closed the book I had no distinct ideas what I had prayed for or what I wanted ; I had a craving, a want of something, I did not know what. But now my prayers are light, and I pray with the

greatest ease. The ideas rise in my mind, and I offer them immediately to God. I offer the same thoughts in a variety of ways, as I cannot remember the prayers you pray by my bed-side word for word." I then explained some of the ejaculatory prayers I sent her. I explained the true nature of divine faith in contradistinction to either historical belief or conviction wrought in our minds by self-persuasion. I showed that many persons persuade themselves that they have an interest in the atonement of Christ and his righteousness, who are on the way to hell. "These persons," said I, "have worked themselves into this persuasion, and blind themselves. This is a base and counterfeit faith, though perhaps of almost equal assurance as that divine faith which I am anxious you should possess. The delusions and illusions of men on this subject are many and various, arising from the deceitfulness, weakness, blindness, and wickedness of the

human heart. This spurious faith often arises from the mere natural application of the principle of hope upon those subjects which faith embraces, and is often accompanied with strong devotional feelings. This faith, however, this confidence and assurance, however great, is human, not divine; is not the gift of God, under the energies of the holy Spirit. This spurious faith is only ideal and imaginative, does not consist in the affections of the soul and purify the heart—does *not keep the possessor of it in chastity* and true holiness, but is merely speculative and intellectual. True faith is a complex act—it consists in the intellect and heart. The mind must be enlightened and the heart touched.” From her ignorance of human nature and her own simplicity, this seemed to stagger her belief, and she was filled with astonishment and fear. She was much relieved by my making the old gentleman, Mr. —, an illustration of my remarks. I told her of

the probable confidence, assurance, and comfort, and devotional feelings, he received from the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. "Yes, Sir, I now perfectly understand you, for he seemed to have great confidence, and I thought him really religious. For I did not then know, that it was quite impossible for a person to be really religious and yet live in sin. But now I know that it is quite impossible. If I were to commit sin I should feel quite in hell." My observations, I told her, comprehended not only persons of that vile hypocrite's character, but all those whose faith, however sound, was only theoretical and speculative.

She told me that she had been reading St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians. I then gave a summary of the epistle, its purport, and applied it to herself, and showed her how exactly the provisions of the gospel suited the wants of us sinful creatures. "Observe, madam," said I, "how mercy and forgiveness are low-

ered down from heaven to us, by faith instead of works. How impossible would it be for you to be saved, if our salvation rested on our 'works of righteousness which we have done,' instead of the redemption of Christ, which is made over to us 'by faith in his blood.'” She then took up the conversation, and spoke in the following words:—“I have received great comfort from this epistle to the Galatians; Christ,” said she with a smile of gratitude and joy, “has redeemed us from the ‘curse of the law, being made a curse for us;’ how beautiful! I always apply what I can to myself; and,” added she, with a simplicity which made me smile, “I apply a great deal to you. You remind me, Sir, very much of St. Paul, for you show the same anxiety respecting me, as he did for the Galatians and Corinthians.” She then continued after a pause—“how wonderful are the consolations of real religion! I used to feel gloomy and melancholy.

I thought that there could be no possible hope for me, and that I was quite lost. I was determined that if there was any way for me to be saved I would find it out. This made me send for clergymen; but they never questioned me at all, or told me any thing. My reason for thinking that I was quite lost, and that it was impossible to be saved, was because I thought we were saved by our good works. I did not know any other way of salvation. My desire for salvation, I assure you, Sir, before you came was very great, and my ignorance still greater." I expounded the fourth chapter of the Ephesians.

I wish to draw the attention of the reader to the following remarks upon her expression—that it was "impossible to be truly religious and yet live in sin." My painful knowledge of life and human nature convinces me of the necessity of pressing upon the reader the impossibility of the commission of gross sins with

genuine repentance. Let me here remark, that mercy is offered to all who with hearty repentance and true faith, turn to God through the atonement and mediation of the Saviour. But unless we have abandoned gross sins, mercy has not been received, and we are under the wrath and curse of God. To suppose that God can possibly save a sinner while he is living in sin, is of all delusions the most enthusiastic, and heresies the most damning.

The gratification of our passions in *any other way whatever*, but by holy matrimony, is a damning sin, perfectly incompatible with saving grace and true repentance. The criminality of such gratification rises exactly in proportion as it is a departure from the purpose for which passion has been communicated by the Creator to the creature. The man of reflection will at once see the philosophy as well as sound divinity of this remark, without any reference to the Scriptures,

which will plainly inculcate the same idea. The man or woman, therefore, who is guilty of any uncleanness, sins against the law of nature no less than the law of God. Insulted nature, "by the simplicity of Venus' doves," testifies to both sexes against any infringement upon her sacred rites; and by the herds of the field, points out to man and woman-kind, the sanctity of her mysteries, the limits of her empire, and an exemplar of chaste love. All base imitations of her orgies are as unsatisfactory as sinful. The beasts of the field, possessing at least equal passions with ourselves, neither seek, practise, nor require any palliatives, any counterfeit art. Is it necessary, then, that either sex possessing reason, say rather the spirit and power of Christ, should have recourse to any spurious invention—any other alleviation than what nature in perfect chastity suggests?

This sin is designated in scripture by the terms "lasciviousness," "unclean-

ness," "effeminacy," and "turning the use against nature"—those who are guilty of it are termed, "unclean," "impure," "lascivious," "effeminate." Such persons are every where in Scripture expressly excluded from the kingdom of God. "For this ye know," says the apostle, "that no whoremonger nor *unclean* person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and God." The apostle immediately destroys all vain subterfuges of sin, by adding—"let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience." The apostle had previously remarked, "but fornication" and "*all uncleanness*," let it not once be named among you as becometh saints. How much less is the commission of such "filthiness of the flesh" in any way compatible with Christian holiness! The apostle in writing to the Galatians says: "Now the works of the flesh are these, adultery, fornication, *un-*

cleanness, lasciviousness ; of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do such things shall *not inherit* the kingdom of God." The apostle afterwards adds, "they that are Christ's *have* crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." What is the inference from this?—"they are *not* Christ's who *have not* crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts." In the following chapter the apostle writes, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption ; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting." If "without holiness no man shall see the Lord ;" if "him who *defileth* the temple of God, (whose temple we are,) God will destroy ;" if we must "cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit ;" if "he that sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him ;" if those only are bless-

ed who are “ undefiled in the way ;” if the true Christian “ keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not ;” if unless we “ keep under our body and bring it into subjection, we are cast away ;” and if, in a word, we “ live after the flesh, we shall die ;”—then those only who “ through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body” shall live for ever.

Chastity is, indeed, so essential an ingredient in holiness, that it is a matter of surprise how any other criterion can be offered, of purity of heart and genuineness of repentance. If purity or impurity of person does not respectively designate the sinner and the penitent, there is no radical difference between any of the children of men. Does piety, let me ask, consist in the assumption of religious phrases, the reception of certain doctrines, and excitement of devotional feelings ? What avails the creed of a man or woman in an act of unchastity, when the abandonment of all vicious habits constitutes the very genius of Christianity,

and is the characteristic of true repentance. Without it, penitence is incomplete—our religion nugatory—and the atonement unavailing.

But sin produces this invariable effect on the human soul : it renders us, by repetition, indifferent to those sins of which we are guilty, while we view with some abhorrence those iniquities with which we are unacquainted. The notorious murderer Burke, while by repeated murders he seared a too sensitive conscience, probably viewed with disgust and horror the nameless offender against nature. The man or woman, in like manner, who is guilty of uncleanness, is (pious creature !) shocked at the sin of fornication. On the other hand, the libertine, but man of spirit, who is exempt from this lasciviousness, regards, and justly regards, with disgust and contempt, every person who is guilty of this effeminacy. The Christian, or chaste person, (for such are synonyms,) is kept by the power of God “ from fornication and all other deadly

sins." If the reader says with the apostles, "who then can be saved?" the answer is at hand, "With man this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." I know a man in Christ, who before his repentance, was so infatuated in the pursuit of women, that he was perfectly unable to apply his mind to any profession. Such an one, in full health, strength and vigour, was visited with such a spirit of genuine repentance and detestation of every species of lust, and such a desire to be saved, that he was enabled to break from all his sins, and has been, (up to the present moment,) though unmarried, during a period of many years, without one single exception, as severely chaste in every sense as a little infant. To this may be added as complete a possession of the energies of his mind in the prosecution of his profession, as they were once absorbed by his former ruling passion.

Friday, October 15.—All my anxiety

was to perfect the work of repentance in her which had so happily begun, and so rapidly advanced. I therefore charged her, lest the earnestness which she as yet had evinced should wear away. "Novelty in religion is often, madam," said I, "a cause of great inquiry and application." She then, with great earnestness and simplicity, spoke in the following words: "I hope, Sir, that my repentance is too deep to wear away, or that I should become weary, as you have described. I cannot indeed judge myself, God only knows me; but I can truly say, I live in prayer. I can assure you, Sir, that while you are speaking and expounding, I am praying in myself, and turning what you say into prayer. While you have spoken to me of my past life, I have, unknown to you, kept praying for myself; even when persons are in the room with me and speaking to me, while I am looking them in the face and seeming to pay them attention, I am pray-

ing to myself, and often answer them without hardly knowing what they have been speaking about. This is often the case with my servant. If visitors do not talk too much, it does not distract me much; but if they do, I am anxious for them to leave me. I sometimes ask them to leave the room for a few minutes, by way of some excuse; but it is only to take your prayers and read them. I do not, I assure you, Sir, take any credit to myself for all this; for the prayers come into my mind, and I cannot help offering them up to God—it matters not who is in the room. I only think of God and Jesus Christ. I do not let any body know that I thus pray to myself; for I endeavour not to let them know it. And I only thus tell you all what passes in my mind, in order that you may know whether I am in the right way, as, from your experience in visiting the sick, you are able to judge. I do nothing but pray: when I work I pray; when I eat I pray; I bless.

every thing that I put in my mouth as Christ did." I told her (as justly indeed as I could tell her) that such a spirit of prayer evinced the reality of her repentance. "I am grieved, Sir," said she, "that I cannot evidence, as you can; the sincerity of my repentance. It is truly a grief and pain to me, that it is only in my temper that I can show any change. My desire to get well would be only to show my repentance by abstaining from sin. How happy you must be, Sir, in serving God, and bringing men to repentance! I often feel what a pity it is that this and that person is not religious."

I read and expounded the 6th chapter of Galatians. On the words, "Lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ;" she said with great spirit and firmness, "I would gladly suffer persecution for Christ; nothing should make me give up my religion." On the words "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth any thing nor uncircumcision, but

a new creature," she said, " All things must pass away. We must view every thing in a new light. I feel that we cannot pay attention to both God and the world. I would never believe a person to be really religious who is ambitious and worldly, however constant his attendance might be at church." After exposition, in the course of conversation she said, " I have the greatest confidence in God, that were I to recover he would not only keep me from sin but provide for me. I would get some lady's-maid or housemaid's place. It would give me joy to get an honest livelihood. My prayer is, that whether he takes me now or to-morrow, or a twelvemonth hence, I may be received at the last, whenever it is his good will and pleasure. If I am to live, I pray him to enable me to keep his commandments; but I would much rather go than stay."

Saturday, October 16.—She was very ill indeed, in a state of lethargy and stu-

por, from the gathering of ulcers on her lungs. She roused herself, and spoke with the utmost calmness and composure. "I prayed," said she, "all night when I could not sleep; my pains do not prevent my prayers. I prayed in a more fervent manner for my servant than I ever did, that God would have mercy upon her and convert her. I prayed likewise for the whole house, for Mr. and Mrs. K. and Miss F.; I prayed that God would make Mrs. K. sincere, and pardon me if I was wrong in thinking her hypocritical. This made me think of myself, and I said to myself, perhaps I am hypocritical. I then prayed to Jesus Christ to examine me, and if there was any hypocrisy in me to cast it out—as he alone had the power. I felt that I was the happiest creature in the whole house; every body seemed full of trouble but myself—I have no worldly trouble at all. I felt very happy and at peace with all the world." In the course of conversation she said,

“I pray to Christ to pardon my long neglect of him, as well as forgive my past sins. I feel greatly grieved for having slighted him so long, and that I am unworthy of his great benefits.” She again alluded to her state of mind before I visited her. “I was,” said she, “quite weighed down by my sins, and thought that I could not be saved. I used to read principally the 6th, 38th, and 51st Psalms, as they so exactly described what I felt. Now I have the greatest ease in prayer; I know that it is not my work; but I do pray unceasingly. I have fresh and fresh power in prayer: one prayer brings on another, so that when I intend to pray only for one thing, I am led on to pray for another.” I then cautioned her on the necessity of keeping her great sin always before her, as David did. I showed that the liveliest hope and confidence in Christ, was not inconsistent with the deepest humiliation. I exhorted her to see that the work of repentance kept

pace with her confidence. To this she replied, "I can assure you, Sir, that this hope, this confidence in Christ, deepens my repentance and leads me on in prayer. My repentance is a great deal deeper now than when you first came to me. If I had not this hope, I could not humble myself as I do or feel as I do—it encourages me to humble myself. In my prayers to Christ I am at a loss for words to express the unworthiness I feel. I try to humble myself, a worthless reptile as I am. My prayer to Christ is that I may only just pass the threshold of heaven—I want nothing more. I pray to him to allow me only to crawl upon my knees to him, that I may bathe his feet with my tears—and that he would present me to the Father." I then read and expounded the 3rd chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians. In the course of conversation afterwards, she said, "I prayed that I might look upon my servant as a sister and a friend, and that I



might teach her to walk in the right path. I prayed likewise against presumption in prayer, and besought Christ to present those prayers, which were at all presumptuous, in such a manner to the Father as might be acceptable to him." She assured me, that she had not been in the least degree ruffled in her temper during the whole of the week ; and that she was blind to every thing her servant did which might annoy her.

There are one or two parts of this conversation which strongly mark the genuineness of her repentance. The way on which she reflected on herself, that she might be hypocritical after she had so judged her fellow creature, and the beautiful manner and expressions she employed, are decided proofs of real penitence. We have little to do, excepting ministers, with others but ourselves.

The next observation I wish to make is, that having now perceived the glories of redemption, and having tasted the

love of Christ to perishing sinners, she began deeply to deplore her past neglect of him, with great sorrow, independent of her actual sins. She often afterwards expressed her neglect of Christ with unfeigned repentance. This entirely originated with herself, as I thought that such a ground of repentance was too refined for so gross a sinner, however just and however suited it might be to moral yet worldly people ; and therefore I never, to my recollection, employed it. I might have indeed employed it at first, when I did not know her character ; but she was too much engrossed with conviction of sin from violations of the moral law, and too ignorant of the plan of salvation, to be affected with such considerations.

The next observation I wish to make is, that her remarks on the nature of divine hope and confidence in Christ, and its tendency on her to promote her humiliation, while they were not suggested by me, are similar proofs of genuine re-

penitance. The reader, if he has any observation, must see that though her painful conviction of sin has worn away, her repentance, and humiliation, and piety, kept pace with her succeeding predominant belief of her acceptance in Christ. All these are decisive testimonies of real repentance, and are unanswerable arguments against the idea that a holy and divine assurance of our personal interest in Christ militates against humility and practical piety. As I am very careful of all terms and epithets, I have used the expressions "a holy and divine assurance," in opposition to that unholy confidence arising from a mind vainly puffed up with speculative knowledge. Spurious coin does not in the least debase the coin of the realm, though it is circulated with it, and sometimes taken for it.

Monday, October 18.—She had just fallen asleep when I called, and had been scarcely able to speak the whole day.

Her stomach refused its office, and she could take nothing. She had been so all Sunday. I did not see her.

Tuesday, October 19.—The same want of retention continued, and nothing she took turned into chyle. Her voice was very weak, and she could not raise her head. In the course of conversation she expressed herself in the following words : “I hope, Sir, that I am ready at any time for Christ to receive me ; I feel that I am—I have great comfort and assurance that I shall be received.” She then spoke of her pains. “I burst into tears,” said she, “last night from agony of pain—but I immediately checked them, thinking it was sinful. I considered that I had not received half what from my sins I deserved.” I told her that nature would have its course, and force her to express her agony by tears. I comforted her by telling her that if her pains were such as to call forth tears and groans, it was to be attributed to the weakness not the sin-

fulness of our nature—provided she was resigned and patient. I likewise showed her that her sufferings were not to be looked upon so much as a retributive punishment for her past sins, as the means of bringing her to repentance, and that our sufferings in this life are ever to be so regarded: neither must they in the least be substituted for those of Jesus Christ in the way of atonement and satisfaction. No error is more common or fatal than the supposition that if we have our sufferings in this world, we shall not in the world to come. She told me that though her pains were very great, yet they did not in the least hinder her prayers. “I am perfectly resigned, Sir,” said she, “whenever it shall please Christ to call me, whether now or a twelvemonth hence. He is my only rock, my salvation, my all—of this I am most unworthy. If Christ had not come into the world to save sinners, where should I have been now?—I should have

been cast down into hell." She then again alluded to her neglect of Christ so long. "I am most deeply grieved and ashamed for having neglected Christ and his gospels so long without mentioning my other sins." I asked her to express precisely what she meant by the words, "without mentioning my other sins." "I have, Sir," said she, "a distinct grief and shame for not having sought Christ and studied his gospels in addition to the shame for the infamy of my life." She then shortly after said, "I lay and thought last night, that Christ will not, in pity to me, mention my sins; but he will only remind me of them by a look, to save my confusion. O, Sir, I cannot tell you what I feel for his redemption of me. Do you think, Sir, that he will mention my sins to me? I cannot sufficiently debase myself to him, such a vile reptile I have been." I told her that whether her sins were mentioned or not, Christ would not be ashamed of her, nor

would she be ashamed of him. "I do not, Sir," she replied, "feel ashamed of him, but my sins. I feel that I *cannot*" (said she with much emphasis and shame) "look him in the face on account of them. I am greatly grieved that I have not sought him when I was in health and strength—but only in my sickness. But his mercy is very great—that comforts me. I have thought, Sir," said she, "that I shall look down from heaven, and see you visiting the sick, and bringing others to Christ." On my telling her that she would not feel confusion of face and shame on account of her sins when she met Christ she said, "I could never bring myself to think that." After awhile she said, "I sometimes think of the difference of my present state, and what it was when you first came to visit me. I am now meet for the eye of God; I have the greatest reliance on Christ; I believe that all his promises will be ful-

filled, and that he will not cast me out." She then spoke with great tenderness of women of her character, of their miserable condition, and their being dead to shame. I then read the 1st and 4th chapters of the 1st Epistle of John. On the words, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ," she said, "I feel that I have communion with God and Christ in all my prayers." On the 4th verse of the 4th chapter, she said, "I have thought how much greater the honour and pleasure would have been, had I repented and overcome the world in health and strength. I have only thought of this lately. Were I to recover I should desire only bread and water; I feel dead to the world, its pleasures and vanities." On the words, "We love him because he first loved us," she emphatically said, "We have not, Sir, even the credit of loving him first." No divine in the king-

dom could have given a more accurate and precise interpretation of the passage and in fewer words.

Wednesday, October 20.—Her appetite was a little better, and she was somewhat stronger. In the course of conversation she again alluded to her state when I first visited her, and her conduct to me. As the reader may still, perhaps, doubt her singular ignorance, a repetition of her real state in her own words, will not be thought tedious. “When Miss F. told me that I could only be saved by Jesus Christ, I did not understand the least what she meant. Even at first, when I followed your instruction, I used to pray to Christ, but had no confidence in him, but great hesitation, and then prayed to the Father. But now I know, the more I honour Christ the more I honour the Father. I cannot honour Christ too much. The Father is glorified by my worshipping Christ, for he presents my prayers to the Father.” Such

profound, sublime, and accurate theology filled me with wonder. The reader will, I am sure, bear the repetition of her former ignorance, when supported with such freshness of thought and feeling. He will pardon likewise my honest and just admiration of one so truly skilled in divinity. "Before you came to me," she continued, "I used to pray for mercy with true sorrow; but I had no belief that my prayers were answered. I felt a deficiency, a desire for something I knew not what. The first day you came to me and took the Bible to expound it, I said to myself, this is the very person I want. For I was anxious that the clergyman, whoever he might be, would read and explain things to me." She then alluded to my conduct and said, "Your condescension and humility have been the means of deeply humbling me. I see the mercy and providence of God in it throughout. I think, Sir, that I should have sent for you again,

even if you had not so kindly persevered.

I then spoke to her of the progressive nature of real piety and sanctification. "I pray, Sir," said she, "that I may grow in grace. Nothing indeed but prayer and religion enter my thoughts, but I feel I am only a child in Christ. I do not consider myself a father, or even one of the brethren, but only a babe. I pray very earnestly, that I may be perfect, that there may be no stumbling block to my repentance, such as temper. I chastised, examined, and reproached myself for scanning Mrs. K." Her expressions, a child, a father, and one of the brethren, were in reference to the passage in John's epistle, "I write unto you, fathers," &c. which she had been reading. I read and expounded 1 Philippians. On the words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," she said, "I would rather go than stay; but I have a desire to live to show my since-

rity. It is, however, better to depart and be with Christ. I have not a single wish but Christ." On the words, "For me to live is Christ," I described how Christ was to be *the end* for which we live. She caught me up, and with great emphasis and feeling, as well as depth, said, "True, Sir, we are to live to Christ who died for us, but it is he likewise, who gives us all things necessary for us to live to him. He gives us a spirit of prayer, and grace, and faith, and strength, by which alone we are enabled to live to him!" Her quickness of perception and repartee, as well as piety and deep knowledge of pure divinity, cannot but surprise and delight the reader.

Thursday, October 21.—She was expecting a gentleman on business; I could not see her.

Friday, October 22.—She was much the same. In the course of conversation she said, "My comfort and confidence increase every day. I feel assured that

Christ has manifested himself to me in a manner that he does not to the world in general. I consider it a great mercy that, after the life I have led, God has so soon restored comfort to me, and peace in my conscience. He alone has done it—blessed be God for it.” I then spoke to her of still preserving her penitence alive. “I can assure you, Sir, that my penitence increases ; I should think that I was going back, if it did not. I often read your prayers and letters to those who visit me, and I can never read them without weeping. They sometimes weep, too, and say how kind you are—and then they comfort me, and tell me not to weep—and that they are happy to see me in such a state of mind. The comfort and confidence which I now possess encourage me to repentance ; I wish more and more to humble myself. I feel, Sir, that I shall be the most unworthy creature in heaven—I wish only just to get there—

to crawl up to Christ—and never get off my knees.”

I read and expounded the 23rd Psalm. On the 2nd verse she said, “It is Christ who leads us to the fold, or we should never find it!” On the words, “He restoreth my soul,” she said, “It is Christ who restores our souls, or we should otherwise have been lost; he restores us that peace which we could not find without his help and aid. He gives us the power to keep his commandments. If he were once to withdraw himself from us, we should have no spirit for prayer! If I were to be remiss in prayer I should think that the Almighty had forsaken me; it would be a great cause of wretchedness to me.”

After exposition, in the course of conversation she said, “It is astonishing when we are turned, how fearful we are lest we should say or do any thing improper. After a person has left me I

always examine myself whether any thing has been done or said improper. But you have no idea, Sir, of the kind and guarded manner in which every body speaks to me. I am not in the least ashamed of my conversion. People sometimes stay an hour and a half with me, and scarcely say any thing to me. They do not know what to say—for they do not wish to disturb my mind on religion. I cannot of course tell what passes in their minds; but they encourage me and say now that they are glad you know every thing about me. It is proper they now think that you should, to instruct and pray with me accordingly. My change is so great, that I can only describe it by saying that I am a new being, quite another person."

Saturday, Oct. 23.—As she seemed unusually low on Friday, I thought she might be in some pecuniary difficulty which she concealed from me. I called in the morning and saw her servant only,

questioned her on the subject, and offered to assist her. Her servant, however, told me that every want and wish she had was supplied, and that she was not in want of money. Her depression on Friday, her servant told me, arose from an excruciating pain she was suffering, which she concealed from me. I would not have mentioned this circumstance, but it is a proof of the genuineness of her repentance, for the following reason. At her death I found that though I was wrong in judging the cause of her depression on Friday, yet she was at that time in great want of money. Her servant gave the answer in the way she was sure her mistress would like; she told her servant, "I would not for the world receive any pecuniary assistance from him, lest he should think I had such base motives for receiving his instructions." I called again in the evening and saw her. She was so ill that I did not like to see her alone, but had Mrs. K. up, and read,

without expounding, the 103rd Psalm. I prayed, and left her without conversing with her.

Sunday, Oct. 24.—A charity sermon was preached in the church where I did the duty in the evening, which enabled me to visit her. I came to administer the sacrament to her. Her conversation to-day was so extraordinary and of such a cast as amply to supply my loss of public worship in the evening. The report I have given of it falls far short of what it really was. It was a spectacle fit for angels: would that all the world had heard the words as they dropped from the lips of such a penitent. She had been very ill indeed, her bowel complaint had continued just the same, and her cough had increased by a cold caught from having the windows open from feelings of suffocation. She was asleep, but I waited till she awoke. She was in great ease when I went into the room. When I had seated myself, in allusion to my offer of assistance, she

said with tears, "Every day, Sir, brings some fresh proofs of your kindness. Your kindnesses," said she with deep emotion, "are daggers to me—and I am filled with shame that I should once have spurned such a friend. Your kindness yesterday, like all your other mercies, has humbled me to the dust. O Sir, I have a grateful heart—such gratitude I feel that I cannot utter. I have a love to you which I should have thought that I, who have been so devoid of heart and soul, could not possibly have possessed. This love is a pure and heavenly love, full of gratitude, and which at one time of my life would have been perfectly incomprehensible to me. I am always thinking of you and your mercy to me—you are my earthly rock. I should like to have you always with me—but I delight in your absence, for I hear that you visit others, teach others, and are merciful to others. I have no envy, no jealousy of your kindness to others, but re-

joy at it. I feel ashamed that you should give me so much of your time, who am so unworthy of it." I then spoke to her about her pains and endeavoured to comfort her under them. "My pains, Sir," she replied, "are very great and complicated, but I hold on in prayer; they do not prevent my praying. My soul is fixed in prayer; and I have the fullest assurance that Jesus Christ is ready to present me to the Father whenever I die. I believe, Sir, that at any time I am ready, even if God," said she with a holy triumph in her face and in prayer, "were to take me now while I am speaking, I shall be blessed." She shortly afterwards said with the deepest humility, "I should tell you, Sir, of the deep unworthiness I feel. This feeling increases every day. I view myself with a detestation which language cannot describe. The more love I have to Christ and the greater my confidence, the greater

is the sense of my own unworthiness, that such mercy should be given to me."

I then administered the sacrament to her. After the sacrament we conversed ; I spoke to her of the love of the Father. " Yes, Sir," said she, " every thing has proceeded from his love ; it was his love that induced him to send his Son to save us ; and I always thank my heavenly Father for his giving Christ his Son to die for me." I then read without expounding the last chapter of the Revelations. Upon my reading the description of heaven she said, " Sir, I shall meet you there: do you think we shall know one another in heaven? O how swiftly," said she, clasping her hands, " shall I fly to meet you—but I hope that it will be a long time first, and that you will be spared many years, and bring others like me to Jesus Christ." I then quoted from memory various deep passages in the scriptures on human redemption. Upon

the text, "Who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God," she said, "I often lay and think of the wonderful love of Christ in becoming one of us. I cannot express my astonishment and the feelings of my soul when I trace the life of Christ. I consider how he was tempted, yet he never sinned. It was his divinity that kept him, otherwise he would have fallen as Adam fell. How truly wonderful! And then, Sir, what compassion Christ had, and what he suffered for such creatures as we are!" I then spoke to her of the compassion of God being portrayed in the compassion exhibited in the humanity of Jesus Christ. I spoke to her of Christ's sympathy with her in her pains; that he was afflicted and grieved with her; that he was a high priest who was touched with the feelings of her infirmities. I showed that the same compassion dwelt in the Godhead, and that the attributes of Jehovah terminated in the humanity of

Christ. In support of my observation I quoted the passage, "In all their afflictions he was afflicted," &c.; to this quotation she replied verbatim, "Yes, Sir, God himself was afflicted when he was forced to punish his people for their sins."

I then read without expounding, 1 John, ch. v. On the words, "He that hath the Son hath life," she said, "There is no life but in Christ; unless we possess him, we have no life in us. How wonderful is redemption, and yet how easily is it obtained! What a mercy it is that it is on such easy terms, or else what hope could I have? Though it was a difficult work which Christ performed, yet it is simply by believing in him we are saved—how beautiful—what comfort! I think very differently of moral people than I once did. I used to think them in a state of salvation; but they trust in themselves instead of Jesus Christ. They do not love Christ, but they are worldly-minded,

and have not a spirit of prayer, but only the form of it. And pray, Sir, how is the woman you are visiting who is trusting in her sufferings as a recompence for her sins in this world, which will free her from punishment in the next? I hope, Sir, you have taught her better; for," said she with great emphasis, "there is no salvation *in that*." These reflections of hers arose from the words which I was reading, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life. These things have I written unto you which *believe on the name of the Son of God*; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."

To make comments on her extraordinary conversation — to point out the depth and solidity of her knowledge of divinity—and to descant on the heartfelt manner with which she expressed herself, would swell the volume to an unprofitable size. I would beseech the reader

to study her conversations as master-pieces in sound divinity—and there learn the vivid realities of faith and repentance. Every thing to her was perfectly tangible.

Monday, Oct. 25.—She had been easier throughout the day. She expressed herself as being delighted with my visit to her on Sunday. In the course of conversation she said, “ Nothing but holy thoughts enter my head ; little scraps of hymns enter my mind, and I offer them in prayer to God. Even in my sleep I pray ; I think it must be a kind of half-sleep—for I pray so earnestly in my sleep.” I then read the 40th Psalm. On v. 11, “ Let thy loving kindness and thy truth continually preserve me,” she said, “ I have great confidence in Christ that he will perfect me ; he will never leave the work imperfect, after he has taken the trouble to turn me.” I read likewise the 42nd Psalm. On v. 1, “ So panteth my soul after thee, O God,” she said, “ I am sure that my soul thirsts for God.

My greatest grief is, that my thirst for God was not before, when I was in health and strength. If it had been only a month before I would rejoice. And I cannot help thinking how awful it is for a person intentionally and purposely to put off repentance till his death-bed, and go on sinning with that determination : there can be, I should fear, no salvation for him in that case. My servant the other day when I spoke to her said, that ‘ she should not pray till the last hour of life, and if God did not choose to hear her, why she could not help it.’ I was horrified at such a declaration, and I earnestly prayed to God to turn her and give her to Christ.” On the words in the 4th verse, “ I pour out my soul in me,” she said, “ Prayer is first poured into the soul by God, and then we are enabled to pour out our souls in prayer to him ! Prayers enter into my head as I lay and think on the mercy of God. One little ejaculatory prayer leads me on to a variety

of prayers. I thirst, yet I find my thirst is satisfied. I pray that the Holy Ghost may be given to me more abundantly." On the words in the 5th verse—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul," she said, "I have nothing now to cast me down: my temper does not now distress me—I am perfectly happy." On the words, "I shall yet praise him for the light of his countenance," she said, "He calls us first, and then lets down the light of his countenance upon us."

In the course of conversation she said, "I have the same faith in Christ as the centurion had: I have the greatest confidence in him—he is my rock. How sorry am I, Sir, that I should have caught at him as a drowning person does at a straw, and not when I was in health!" On my quoting the three first verses of the 3rd chapter of Colossians, she observed on the words, "set your affections on things above," "My affections are in heaven; my heart is with Christ. When eating

or drinking I am always thinking of Christ, and praying to him. When people give an opinion contrary to the gospels, I immediately pray to God to turn them and change their opinions." On the words, "Christ is our life," she said in the most solemn and affecting manner, "Sin was once my life—but now Christ is my life, my all, my every thing!"

Thursday, October 26.—She was better. When I had entered the room, she said, "I intended to write to you to-day, but I have been much interrupted by three visitors at different times. One gentleman brought me a book to amuse me, and gave me a long account of it. While he was speaking to me, however, I was lost in prayer; I only caught part of it. He thought I was attending to him, while I was arranging my work-box." In the course of conversation she likewise said, "I lay and think how wonderful that such a poor crawling creature, such a sinner as I am, should go to heaven."

I then read and expounded the 9th chapter of Hebrews, with which she was deeply interested. She then spoke a great deal of her former state of mind, which, as it will confirm what I have already stated, and throw fresh light on it, I will record. "I used to retire," said she, "three or four times a day to the next room, and kneel down and pray. I used to take the opportunity of my servant being out of the way. But my conscience was not in the least cleared by my praying. I never used to read the Old or New Testament, but only the Psalms in the Prayer-Book, especially the 6th, 38th, and 51st, which Psalms I pitched upon by accident. Though my conscience is now purged by the blood of Christ as you have read, and I have peace in my conscience, yet every day my sins appear more heinous. I had a feeling that my prayers were not acceptable; and I had such an anxiety for a clergyman. I used to say to myself, "O, if I could but have a clergyman!

I used to express the same to my friends." I asked how it never occurred to her to read for information the New Testament ? To this she distinctly replied, " I cannot tell, Sir, how it was—I suppose it was because I really did not know at all what the Bible was about. I had never read it. After your first visit I cannot tell you what anxiety I had, lest you would not come a second time. I could not the first few times at all understand you, but only just a little what you told me. When you quoted the passage which you have just read—' If the blood of bulls and goats, how much more the blood of Christ,' &c. I could not in the least understand you. I feel," said she, with deep emotion, " quite astonished, *even bewildered*, at the mercies of God which have been showered down upon me. I have no desire for life itself, but only to show my sincerity. I have the strongest assurance that whether I live or die I shall not perish."

Wednesday, October 27.—I read and expounded the 4th and 5th chapters of the Hebrews. On the words, “Let us therefore fear,” &c. and in the 1st verse of the 4th chapter, she said, “We cannot live without fear. I fear in every thing I do. I fear lest I should do, think, or say any thing wrong. I am always questioning and examining myself—is that the right way, is that the right path? I fear to sin either by word or look.” On the 12th verse, ‘For the word of God is quick and powerful, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart,’” she said, “I find in my Bible that this verse I have marked with a pencil. It was one of those texts in the text-book which the old gentleman, Mr. —, lent me. Though I used not to read the Bible, yet I used to look out the texts from his text-book. I could not in the least understand them, and I soon gave up the practice. For a month before you came to me I was anxious for some one to

come and explain the texts to me ; as I found it quite useless to go on any longer. I could not understand the words, ‘believing and belief.’ I used to believe in God, and I used to say to myself, what can be meant by believing in Christ? When the old gentleman, Mr. —, said to me, do you know what it is to be a believer in Christ, I could not understand him. I thought that faith in God was quite sufficient. I had some comfort, I remember, from the words, ‘is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart,’ as God knew my sorrow for my past sins and desire for mercy. I remember finishing the chapter ; and where it speaks of Christ being the high priest, and of the confidence we should therefore have in approaching the throne of grace, it was quite a mystery to me what on earth it all meant. I did not understand the meaning of the words in the least. But now I see the beauty of

them. Now I pray my merciful High Priest to pity me, to have compassion on my infirmities. I cannot pray as I would ; I cannot read as I would—nor can I find words to express the feelings of my soul.”

I would just observe in passing, that in her very ignorance she showed remarkable reflection. “I used to believe in God,” said she, “and I used to say to myself, what can be meant by believing in Christ? I thought that faith in God was quite sufficient.” These common-sense reflections of hers clearly prove the divinity of Christ—for why, if Christ be not God, should we believe in him more than Moses, or Paul, Mahomet, or Confucius? Can any thing be more absurd than the words, he that believeth in Moses or David, or the Pope, or Patriarch of Constantinople, or any body else, hath everlasting life? But when she knew that Christ was God, she immediately knew

the meaning of, and *the virtue** there is, in believing *in* him, and praying through him, and *to* him.

She then alluded to my last evening's visit, and said, "When you were gone last night, I felt that I relied so on the promises of Christ. The promises are to him that thirsts, him that seeks; and I am sure that I thirst for the things of the other world. I had, after prayer, an assurance that however poor my prayers were, and however polluted I have been, yet they would be acceptable to the Father through him. I always pray that I may not be presumptuous—that I may not pray for any thing which God is unwilling to grant; but only for grace, forgiveness, and the Holy Spirit. I never pray for any thing that concerns this world."

On the words, "Who can have compassion on the ignorant and on them that

* The word virtue, here, is used in the sense of efficacy, and power, and benefit, to be derived by believing.

are out of the way ? ” in the 2nd verse of the 5th chapter, she said, “ There have none been out of the way like me. My former ignorance was very great, and I had the greatest difficulty in understanding you at first. I used to attribute this to my disease or the opium I took ; as I used to be reckoned very quick at learning. It was not your fault, for you used to explain things to me so that a child might understand you ; but still I could not. I used to long to ask you the most babyish questions, but I felt ashamed. Even when I did clearly understand you, I could not at first receive it into my heart. I often lay and think that I should now be expecting hell and future punishment for my past sins, had you not come and taught me the right way.” She shortly afterwards said, “ I can assure you, Sir, that every one of my friends rejoices at my change, and says what a blessing it is.” In the course of conversation after the exposition, she said, with

a knowledge and reflection which quite astonished me, "Christ is not only our redemption, but it is he likewise who gives us the means afterwards of obtaining that redemption which he has accomplished. He gives us faith and repentance to obtain it, that the work may be complete. My love and gratitude to him, Sir, increases more and more; I pray that I may be filled with the love of Christ."

Thursday, October 28.—I spoke to her on perseverance and watchfulness. "I hope, Sir," said she, "that my repentance will go on—that by habit and practice it will become nature itself, so as to be impossible to shake it off. My principles, I know, require strengthening; but the Lord is all-sufficient to strengthen."

She here used the word "impossible" in the same sense as her expression, "cannot sin," which has been discussed. This is another admirable illustration of this kind of phraseology. The beauty with

which she thus expressed herself, and the reflection here shown is, as every thing else she uttered, accurately reported without a single addition on my part.

I then questioned her as to her keeping up a spirit of prayer. "I should think, Sir," she replied, "that I was going back if there was half an hour in the day when I do not pray. I sleep very little in the night, but spend it in prayer. I prayed last night very earnestly for Mrs. K. and her family, that God would bring her out of her troubles. I prayed that peace might rest upon all the house. I still continue very anxious for my servant, and I prayed very fervently and a long time for her, that God would give her to his Son, and that she might be a branch in Christ the vine, and that Christ the good Shepherd would carry her home on his shoulders rejoicing—just as you have taught me. In praying for myself I prayed very fervently for meekness, gentleness, and forbearance ; and that as far

as the weakness of human nature would allow, I might walk in the very steps of Christ. In thinking of forbearance and patience, I thought within myself, what am I but a poor reptile, in comparison with Christ, who was so buffeted and ill-treated? But I have not felt my temper in the least, yet I watch over it lest it should break out." I then spoke to her of cultivating a sensibility to sin and a tender conscience. "I can assure, you, Sir," she replied, "I hope I have that tender conscience you describe. I think that I can give you a proof of it. The other evening, in speaking to Mrs. K. of Mrs. Wood, (an old woman who came to take Elizabeth's place for a day while she was absent,) I exposed her faults to Mrs. K., and told her how she was given to drink. When Mrs. K. left the room I cannot describe the shame I felt for having exposed Mrs. Wood to her. I spent half the night in humbling myself, and praying for forgiveness for my conduct.

I thought within myself, what right have I who am such a sinner to judge others and expose that poor woman? How should I like, thought I, to be exposed to Mrs. K.? O, Sir, I was filled with shame—indeed I felt ashamed even of telling you what I had done. I have a continued fear of backsliding in the least degree. I am in constant fear lest I should sin in any way. If I thought of worldly things I should be in the greatest fear; but God,” said she, lifting up her hand to heaven, “has given me soul only for one thing!” The affecting and graceful manner with which she said and did this, has left an impression on my mind which *never, never* can be effaced.

I then read the 141st Psalm. On the 4th verse she said, “I pray that God will not let wicked people come and see me.” On the words in the 5th verse, “Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness,” she said, “I always receive

your exhortations and reproofs with pleasure, and consider it a kindness." I then read and expounded the 12th of Heb. On the words in the 10th verse, "But he chastened us for our profit," she said. "A blessed chastisement mine has been to me ; it has brought me to repentance."

After exposition, in the course of conversation, she said, "I wish I had remained in poverty all my life, and known Christ in my childhood. I would give any thing to have it in my power to show my sincerity and repentance. It would be a heaven to me only to get well three or four months to show my change."

Friday, October 29.—She was very ill from a fresh cold she caught, but was in a heavenly state of mind. "I prayed, Sir," said she, "most intensely last night, with the greatest ease and with a constant succession of thoughts. I began at a quarter before ten ; and when I had done, to my astonishment, it was past one by my watch. I wish you knew every prayer—

but I cannot remember all. I prayed very earnestly indeed for Elizabeth; I prayed, I am sure, more than an hour for her, and then I prayed for her and myself together. I prayed that I might be permitted to intercede for others, and that my unworthiness might not prevent me. I prayed that as my crimson sins had now become white as wool in my Redeemer's blood, and as my leprosy of sin had been removed by Christ, I might pray for others. I cannot tell you the number of things I prayed for, all which I have taken from you. I prayed to my Saviour to lead me more and more into green pastures, to purify me more and more, and that I may be filled with the Holy Ghost. I prayed Christ to fill me with his meek and humble spirit. I prayed," said she, "with the deepest emotion, "that I might be grateful to him for his agony in the garden of Gethsemane, and his sufferings on my account! I then slept,

and when I awoke I again prayed, for I always pray directly I awake."

I then read and expounded the 2nd chap. of the 1st Epistle of John. On the 14th verse she said, "It is the only desire of my heart to keep his commandments: he will enable me." On the words, "Love not the world," she said, "I have no love for the world; my only desire to live is to prove my sincerity, and walk in his commandments. I should seek and desire none but the friendship and love of godly people." On the words, "Ye have an unction from the holy One," in the 20th verse, she said, "I am conscious that I have an unction from that holy One. I do not now feel that there is no hope for me, as I did before you came." On the words in the 27th verse, "Ye need not that any man teach you," she said, "I do not now stand in need of a form of prayer as I once did—I can pray every five minutes."

Saturday, October 30.—She was very

ill indeed ; the fresh cold, in addition to her consumption, racked her with an excruciating cough. In the course of conversation she said, "I feel every night the blessing still greater, that God should have sent you to me. I believe that Christ pities me, and suffers with me, and feels for me. I pray him to pray to the Father for me more earnestly than I can. I wish I could tell you, Sir, how much I fear and love him, and how sensible I am of his great mercies. My only delight, my only comfort is in prayer. I keep my sins ever before me ; it makes me prize my present blessings, and to desire to lead a different life." I then read the 25th of St. John's Gospel. On the 7th verse she said, "Christ is my strong-hold ; he will keep us from sin if we ask him." On the words in the 13th verse, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," she said, "I wish I could love him even to death, and show my love to

him by dying for him." On the words in the 16th verse, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," she said, with deep humility, "Our hearts are too sinful; we are too wicked ever to turn to him till he turns us." Her observation, while it is the soundest divinity, entirely originated with her—I never discussed with her that repentance comes from God. I wish the reader to mark well the cause assigned by her, why we do not first turn to God—viz. the sinfulness of *our hearts* and *our own* wickedness. "This is the condemnation, that men *love* darkness more than light, because their *deeds* are *evil*." The love of darkness, increased by evil deeds, is the sole cause of our not turning to Christ. The perpetration of each and every evil deed increases the love of darkness, hatred to the light, and the indisposition to turn to Christ. Our hearts are too worldly, our affections are too much set on the things of this world, spiritual

things are too disgusting to our taste, ever for us to turn to Christ till he first turns our hearts. The will is free, but the heart is wicked. Reader! why do you not repent, and seek Christ? why do you not take pleasure in prayer, in reading the Scriptures? why are you so unaffected with the love of Christ?—because you love darkness and hate the light. One hour's pleasure in sin is dearer to you than an eternity in heaven. If this is not the cause, pray what is?

Monday, November 1.—She was very ill indeed, and could not speak—I read a Psalm without expounding, and prayed.

Tuesday, November 2.—She was asleep, and I would not let her be disturbed.

Wednesday, November 3.—She was very ill indeed. The conversation was very interesting. “I have wished, Sir,” said she, “to see you, to tell you what has passed in my mind. I have had a very deep horror at my past life, stronger

than I think I have ever had before. I have thought much on it, and my shame is still greater. My great sufferings do not prevent my prayers. I pray asleep and awake. I awake in the act of prayer, and then continue the subject of my prayers. O, Sir, how I have sold my body to sin ! This has been much in my thoughts ; but still I have the same hopes of mercy—I have not the slightest fear, but were I to die this moment Christ is ready to present me to the Father. I dreamed the other night that you came to see me, and another person came with you. He jeered and sneered at my sick-bed repentance after the life I had led, and told me that it was useless and insincere after I had so sold my body to sin. I instantly prayed most fervently in my sleep, and awoke praying, and then continued the subject of my prayers—for I was quite horrified with myself. I prayed that I might only be a door-mat in the house of God in heaven—and all

in that strain. All that you tell me makes such an impression upon me, that as I lay and fall asleep, I carry on in my sleep the train of thoughts and prayers which have occupied my mind when awake. I thought of the priesthood of Christ, as you taught me from the Hebrews. I considered that the Jews had *many* priests, who offered up *many* victims, and who, once every year entered into the holy of holies of the earthly temple. But I had but *one* high priest, who made but *one* sacrifice, who has entered but *once* into heaven, the real holy of holies. I considered that the veil which prevented our approach is rent asunder—so that I could draw near with confidence and assurance—just as you have taught me. I awoke praying on this subject, and had great comfort from comparing the blood of Christ with that of bulls and goats.

I then read and expounded the 10th of Hebrews. On the words, “By one offer-

ing he hath perfected for ever, them that are sanctified," she said, "I hope that I am sanctified by the Holy Ghost, and that Christ has perfected me by the offering of himself once for all." On the words in the 22nd verse, "Let us draw near in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed in pure water," she said, "Christ not only sprinkles our hearts by his blood from an evil conscience, and washes us in the waters of the Spirit, but gives us likewise that full assurance of faith." On the words of the 23rd verse, "Let us hold fast our profession, for he is faithful who promised," she said, "I have great confidence and reliance on the promises of Christ, that none shall pluck out of his hand those sheep whom the Father has given him. I have the greatest reliance on that." On the words in the 26th verse, "If we sin wilfully after that we have received the

knowledge of the truth," &c., she said, "I feel that there would be no possible hope for me if I were to sin. I could never pray again, or have any hope and faith in Christ. I should willingly go to hell—I could not pray after sinning wilfully." She had expressed this in the same way before.

In the course of conversation, after exposition, she said, "I have the greatest desire to devour Christ's Gospel, and have every word engraven on my heart. But I cannot read as I would, I am so weak. Still, however, I can pray—blessed be God for it! The most trifling things lead me into a train of prayer. Those grapes," said she, pointing to some, "have led me into a train of prayer, that I might be a fruitful branch in Christ the vine. When persons have given any opinion which is incorrect, or said any thing unchristian, I instantly offer up a secret prayer for them, that God would

enlighten and teach them better, and convert their souls and give them to Christ, as he has me."

I beg the reader to mark, in case it should escape him, the singular beauty of her expression, when she prayed that she might only be a door-mat in the house of God in heaven.

I have lost her conversations on Friday and Saturday.

Monday, November 8.—She was extremely ill. In the course of conversation she said, "I have not been able hardly to read at all; and I have not been able to articulate my prayers, my palpitation at the heart has been so great. But I am praying unceasingly within myself, though it is not so satisfactory as when I articulate them. I cannot last long—I feel that I am going; but Christ," said she, with deep emphasis, "is my rod and staff, on which alone I am leaning. He is waiting to receive me." I then spoke about the Epistle to the Hebrews,

of which I had read and expounded a great deal to her. "I have received," said she, "very great instruction from the Hebrews. I have formed many prayers from it. I pray that I may be a vessel in God's sanctuary—I do not care how vile, so as I am sanctified for the temple. My desire is only to be a door-mat in God's house—for if I do but enter the temple I shall receive everlasting happiness. I do not care how low the place is, so as I am saved—I believe that I shall be received. Though I cannot read, yet I have constant ideas for prayers—I pray asleep and awake." Her servant, who was in the room, here said, "She is always praying, Sir, in her sleep; I can hear her distinctly whisper her prayers to Christ in her sleep, for a long time together. She did so this morning for an hour; she does nothing else but pray." "I can only account for it," said Mrs. D., resuming the conversation, "by my constantly praying when I am awake, and

falling asleep in prayer, and then continuing it in my sleep. I have nothing to boast, for had you not come to me, I should have had no materials for prayer. I should not have known what to pray for. You have given me the thoughts, but Christ has given me the spirit to pray." I then spoke of the priesthood of Christ. "Christ is to me, Sir," she replied, "a compassionate high priest—he pities me. I have great comfort in thinking that he knows every thought within me, and can present my thoughts to the Father when I cannot utter them. And when I feel what I cannot express, he can express it for me. After prayer I feel assured that Christ has manifested himself to me in a manner he does not to the world in general."

I then read and expounded the 3rd chapter of the 1st John's epistle. On the words in the 5th verse, "He was manifested to take away our sins, and in him is no sin," she observed, "Had Christ

sinned he never could have obtained our salvation ; he would have been unfit for it, being himself a sinner." This profound remark she made once before of her own accord, as the reader may remember. On the words in the 24th verse, "Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us," she said, "I know that I have received the Spirit, and that Christ dwells in me."

I found that it occupied too much of my time and fatigued me too much, with my other engagements, to visit her every day ; I therefore promised to visit her only three times a week. On the Wednesday when I promised to call, an engagement prevented me, and I wrote her the following letter :—

"Putney, Wednesday Afternoon.

"My dear Madam,

"I am sorry that it will not be in my power to come and see you this evening according to my promise. I hope, however, that my absence will not prevent your own prayers, or

make you feel the need of my instructions. I believe that you have a better teacher than I am, that Christ has taken your instruction, as well as the keeping of your soul, into his own hands. I think that I may now safely trust you to run alone, at least for a day or two, without my support. You lean upon the arm of Christ, who is with you to strengthen you and carry you, if need be, through the dark valley of the shadow of death. You have nothing to fear, you have humbled yourself at the feet of Christ, and you ardently desire his salvation. This is all that is required on your part, and he will most surely fulfil his, which is to receive, to pardon, and to bless. Though I do not now visit you every day, which neither my time nor strength will permit, my anxiety for you is still the same; my affection towards you does not diminish; nor do my prayers for you ever cease. I bear you in my remembrance before God, with tenderest solicitude, and I heartily pray that the work may be complete. I do not doubt of the soundness of your repentance, and the reality of your conversion; and I have an honest joy that my 'work has not been in vain in the Lord.' In my visits to you, I have 'known

nothing else but Christ, and him crucified,' and have endeavoured to set before you 'the unsearchable riches of the Redeemer.' He who received the penitent Mary Magdalene, has received you, and blessed you with similar forgiveness, as you have shown similar repentance. 'Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;' his power and willingness to receive sinners have *increased* rather than diminished, since his ascension. He, rest assured, is touched with divine compassion towards you; he pities your afflictions, and forgives your sins. The time is fast approaching when your poor perishing body will be laid in the grave, and your spirit will ascend to him who gave it being. But when it does, it will be thoroughly purged from its sins in the blood of Christ, be invested with the robes of his righteousness, and be presented by him pure and holy to the Father. This is your hope, and it is mine. I feel equally vile, lost, and undone, and that I only, as all the world, can be saved by the bloody atonement of Christ, 'who has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.'

"Rejoice, then, dear madam, in Christ your Saviour, who 'by the offering of himself once

for all,' 'has perfected for ever them that are sanctified.' The post is going out, and I must conclude—and believe me ever,

"Your affectionate and faithful Minister,
"HENRY REVELL."

Thursday, November 11.—When I had entered the room, she said, "I this morning thought that I was at the point of death, life seemed to be leaving me; it was not an unpleasant feeling. I was at the same time praying Christ to receive me and present me to the Father. I thank God that he enables me to pray unceasingly, nor do my agonies prevent my prayers. My only desire is to go to heaven—but I pray for resignation and patience. I submit to the fatherly correction of the Almighty; I know that it is to purify me and make me meet for heaven. I had greater power in prayer last night than I think I ever had. Christ strengthens me much in prayer by his Spirit. I every day feel more and more that Christ is present with me. I have

daily fresh comfort and peace which I cannot define. Allusion was then made by me to her state of mind before I visited her, which I contrasted with her present peace. "I was," she replied, "full of desponding fears and horrors. Sometimes I had gleams of hope that God would be merciful to me—but how I did not know : I knew nothing of his method of salvation. But now I have the greatest confidence that Christ will perfect me, and will not allow any stumbling-block to make me trip. I pray him to give me his gentleness, humility, and meekness. I still have the greatest shame and grief for my past life. I endeavour to remember in my confessions each particular sin. I always humble myself on account of my past sins, before I ever think of praying for spiritual things." This last sentence I beg the reader to notice as a genuine mark of real repentance, and the proper method of worshipping God.

I then read and expounded the 55th of

Isaiah. On the words in the first verse, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, without money and without price," she said, "I truly thirst for the living waters of the Spirit: I desire nothing else. What a blessing it is that they are to be purchased without money! If our own merits obtained them, what hope could I have of receiving the Spirit? On the words in 2nd verse, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which satisfieth not?" she said, "We are never satisfied with worldly good—we are always craving for something more: my only craving is for the food and bread of heaven." On the words in 6th verse, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found," she said, "There is a time when God may be sought and found. But if we go on wilfully sinning, with a determination of never repenting till our death-bed, I fear that repentance will not be given us." The reader may remember her having made this observation once before. On

the last verse, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off," she said, "What do we sin but to fill our hearts with thorns and briers and sting ourselves with nettles? But God has removed my sins far from me: he has rooted out the tares and sown good seed in my heart, which "shall be for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off:" for it shall never fade and wither away—of that I feel assured." The affecting manner with which she thus, verbatim, expressed herself, filled me with surprise. I can assure the reader that every expression is her own.

I lost the paper which contained her conversation on Saturday.

Monday, November 15.—I called to administer the sacrament to her: she was declining very fast, and very near death. "I have," said she, "the greatest joy,

and peace unutterable ; I am calm and resigned as if it were my last hour. I pray night and day ; there is not an hour when I do not pray. People, I am sure, would not believe how I pray ; but I do not take any credit to myself—for I am, as it were, constrained to pray : the thoughts arise naturally in my mind. I consider it a great blessing that I am able to pray in the midst of my pains. I pray for patience, resignation, and strength, to bear my pains. I feel that my sufferings are light in comparison with my sins. The spirit of prayer which Christ has given me is stronger than my pains : every fresh change in my disorder is a new source of prayer to me. I at one time of my life should have thought it scarcely credible for a person to pray so much.” The conversation then changed to the blessings of a future state. “ O what pleasure,” said she, “ it will be to me to meet you in heaven ! where I long to go ; I am always thinking of you ; and I pray that

God would shower down his blessings upon you. I never pray for your sins—for,” said she with great simplicity, “I cannot look upon you as a sinner, as I should think that you have been pious all your life. But you never leave this house without a blessing from me, poor as it is. I often and repeatedly pray God to bless you in all your undertakings. When I have been praying for myself with a variety of prayers, I then bless you for having taught me to pray. I wish you knew all my thoughts and prayers and every thing that passes in my mind, it would be a great pleasure to me; but I have great comfort in knowing that Christ knows exactly what is passing in my heart.” Allusion was then made to the redemption by Christ; upon this she said, “He has taken upon himself my sins, while he has robed me with his righteousness. I have very great comfort indeed from the words, ‘Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for

us"—cursed for me—that is my hope! He is with me in spirit, not bodily; he is nigh me, and has manifested himself to me, and will fulfil all his promises—of that I feel assured." Observe, reader, how beautiful and briefly she has expressed the doctrine of reciprocal imputation—"He has taken upon himself *my* sins, while he has *robed* me with *his* righteousness." Mark further her application of that precious text, "Christ has redeemed us from the curse, being himself made a curse—cursed for me—that is my hope." Remember, reader, that if God spared not his own Son, much less will he spare you, unless you repent!

I then administered the sacrament to her: after the administration, she said, "I have the most perfect reliance upon the promises of Christ, that they are not made to be broken. I never go to sleep but I feel assured that Christ has taken the burden of my sins on his own back, and will present me pure and holy to the

Father." Allusion was then made by me to her past life. "Far, far indeed," said she, "have I wandered from the fold. I did not at first feel how deep my sins were, as I do now. While we are sinning we have no conscience of our sins—we are so blind and ignorant. My conscience did not disturb me; I thought that I only sinned against myself, not against Christ; I little thought of the pangs I brought on Christ by my sins!" How just and how profound are these remarks—and what a testimony is this of the blindness and infatuation caused by sin. People who are living in sin have no conviction of sin. The whoremonger, adulterer, and unclean person, little dream that they are sinning against Christ. The deeper we sin, the less sensibility we have of it, and the more the voice of conscience is silenced. From this I shall make one or two necessary deductions and reflections.

1st. We see from this that conscience is no criterion of right and wrong. For

if so, the standard will vary according to a man's conscience: *i. e.* there will be as many standards as there are men in the world. Men shall kill you, says Christ, and yet think they do God service. Now it is evident, that there can be but one true standard, otherwise good is evil, and evil good, and what is evil in one man is good in another; in other words, there is no such thing as good and evil. Conscience, therefore, can never be the standard of good and evil. Conscience is so cramped and thwarted, so silenced, and sometimes so expunged, from the human breast by sin, that it must be enlightened by God's Spirit to guide us right.

It stands in need, further, of something whereby it may regulate itself, some precise and definite rule as the law of God. With all this, however, I think the generality of mankind do not even act up to their conscience, imperfect and incorrect as it is, and however it may not be suffi-

cient to make them uncomfortable and uneasy.

2ndly. These reflections will help us to decide the question of the depravity of human nature. It altogether depends upon the standard which is taken. It is a matter of comparison. Man may be made an angel or devil, according to the standard taken. Each man thinks the world more or less depraved, according to the standard he employs. The question then again occurs, as in the former case, what is the standard? The Scriptures must be the standard, (unless we are infidels,) not our imaginations. The question then is not what this, and that, person thinks, but what the Scriptures represent the duty of man to be, which is to love the Lord our God with all the heart, all the soul, and all the strength, and our neighbours as ourselves. History and experience easily decide the point, when the standard is admitted.

3rdly. Another reflection I wish to make, is this; the peace of mind which we enjoy is no criterion of the soundness of our creed. The truth of this position is involved in what I have already proved, that conscience is not a correct standard of good and evil, but the Scriptures only. If peace of conscience and tranquillity of mind are in any way to be the criterion of orthodoxy or the standard of good and evil—every superstition and heresy must be countenanced and every vice maintained. * People of the world die as calm as lambs, and men commit sin with as much indifference as they eat their dinners. Man, of a truth, is dead in trespasses and sins.

Thursday, November 18.—I called, but

* I once knew an infidel who was perfectly convinced, from his own feelings, of the untruth of Christianity. This profound reasoner *felt* that Christ was not raised from the dead. What wonderful sensibility of feeling the fellow had !

she was so ill she could not see me. Her servant told me that she was always praying and whispering her prayers to herself in her sleep.

Saturday, November 20.—She was still the same. I went up stairs to pray by her bed-side without reading. She told me that Christ was her rod and staff, and that he was waiting at the end of the valley of the shadow of death to present her to the Father.

Sunday, November 21.—I called between the services to read a little to her, as she was too ill to do so herself, and was expected by her medical men to die every day. She had just fallen into a dose when I called, and therefore I would not let her be disturbed, but wrote in the house the following short note :—

“ Sunday afternoon, Park Street.

“ My dear Madam,

“ I have just called, being anxious to read to you without allowing you to talk, as you have

none to do that small office for you. I heartily pray to Christ to be with you, to strengthen and support you in your pains. 'If there is any consolations, any comfort, any bowels of mercy in Jesus Christ,' may you experience them. Pray to your Saviour for patience, resignation, and submission. Be on your guard against all impatience and fretfulness. Pray him in the words of the Apostle Paul, 'To strengthen you with all might according to his glorious power unto all patience, and long-suffering, with joyfulness.' Let this be your comfort, that 'our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' 'Our sufferings,' likewise says the Apostle elsewhere, 'are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.' 'Tribulations,' says he again, 'work *patience*, and patience works experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given us.'

"May Christ your Saviour be with you to bless you with the riches of his grace, to comfort you with the consolations of his Spirit, to wash you in his blood, and when you depart

this world to receive you into his everlasting kingdom.

“ I am, dear Madam,

“ Your affectionate Minister,

“ HENRY REVELL.”

In the evening she sent for me to administer the sacrament to her, as she thought she was dying. A duty however in the city prevented my going. She was anxious, as she expressed herself to Mrs. K. ; “ to sup, and then die.” She sent up for Mr. and Mrs. K., and Miss F., she spoke very little indeed. To the observation made to her that Christ was a rock, she replied, “ His work is perfect—it is so in me.” She said to Miss F., “ I possess an indescribable peace and joy which I cannot define.”

Monday, Nov. 22.—She sent for me on Monday morning, being fearful that she should die before I came. I went immediately. I entered the room of the dying penitent. She was too exhausted to speak, but a heavenly intelligence beam-

ed in her face, while her soul was fixed in prayer. "Behold," said I, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." "On him were laid your iniquities," for he hath "suffered the just for the unjust to bring us to God." At the very name of Christ the tears trickled down her cheeks, while as I spoke her countenance expressed the most earnest prayer. "The holy Jesus," I continued, "was made perfect through *his* sufferings, and we through *ours*. If it was necessary that his perfection should be made still more perfect through sufferings, how much more is it that our polluted souls should be purified by sanctified affliction." This penetrated her soul: "To the text quoted in my yesterday's note let me add, 'The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you.'" She then faintly whispered as she pressed my

hand, "that note gave me *great, great* comfort."

I then administered the sacrament to her. During the whole of the administration her eyes were closed, while tears still continued to flow down her cheeks. In various parts, where confession is made of sin and allusion to the atonement of Christ, her soul seemed still more devoutly wrapt in prayer. Upon the words "thy kingdom come," her countenance betokened the greatest intenseness of thought. When I had finished the service she whispered, "My tears are tears of joy." I then took her hand and said, "When your soul departs your body, you will then find that I have not deceived you, but that what I have taught you is most true." She then silently and in the most graceful manner drew my hand to her mouth and warmly pressing it to her lips she kissed it. As I retired she faintly said, "God bless you, Sir, if I see you no more!" While I was yet in the

house, Mrs. K. came down stairs and told me as she was leaving her room she said, "If he is not yet gone, tell him from me, that he has my blessing."

Tuesday, Nov. 23rd.—I called; she was still alive. She was anxious to see me, and had given orders to the servant to rouse her if she was in a dose. Her appearance was of the same character as it was the day preceding. She was very faint, and the door was obliged to be kept open to give her air. She spoke very little and only in a whisper. She grasped my hand firmly when I approached her bed, and said, "I am glad to be permitted to see you another day. I have given orders for all your precious letters to be returned to you when I die—but not till then." I then repeated various suitable texts to her, into which she fully entered. "Christ," said I, "has promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world. He is especially present with you at an hour like this. He will not suf-

fer you, in the agony of death, to fall from him. Nothing shall separate you from the love of Christ." "No, Sir," she replied, "nothing shall separate me from his love—not death itself." "I hope," said I, "that you pray much for me." "I do," she replied, "pray continually for you—that God would prosper you in all your undertakings, and that you may lead other poor sinners to his Son as you have led me. And if it is not improper," continued she, with a faltering voice and in tears, "to make a confession which I have in my heart, I could kiss your feet and wash them. With regard to prayer, Sir, I do assure you, that I pray so unceasingly, that I have sometimes thought it sinful to pray so much, as it might be taking the name of God in vain, and I determined last night to ask you if it was so or not. Tell me, Sir, is it wrong?" Her artlessness, her piety, filled me with joy and wonder—and I would fain have retired from her chamber to weep. I

then read, without expounding, the 23rd and 103rd Psalms, and prayed by her bedside. On leaving her, she in the same affectionate manner as before, kissed my hand and blessed me.

Wednesday, Nov. 24.—I called, but she was too ill to see me. Her medical men considered that death was strong upon her. Mrs. K. told me that she said to Mrs. D., “I hope you have a *foretaste* of the blessedness you are going to receive?” “No,” replied the dying woman, “not a *foretaste* but a *banquet*.” Miss F. told me that she said, “I cannot describe the inestimable peace, happiness, and joy, I have—such as cannot be told.” Upon the mention of my name her countenance would brighten up, and she would exclaim, “God bless him, and he shall be blessed!”

Thursday, Nov. 25.—She was yet alive, and was anxious to see me. She could hardly speak, but expressed her thoughts by warmly pressing my hand as I read

and spoke to her. Her gratitude and affection seemed to increase as she prized the happiness she enjoyed. She rubbed my hand with both her palms, and kissed it all over, labouring to express her affection to me. She would not allow me to take it from her—but actually purred over it from fondness, and faintly whispered, “You are an ambassador of Christ.” She contrived to tell me, “I spent most of the preceding night in prayer for you; that in every undertaking, be it what it may, of whatever kind, form, or shape, you may be engaged, the same success may attend you, as it has in my case.” She likewise said, “It is impossible to conceive the supreme happiness I enjoy: I cannot tell you how I feed on Christ, the bread of heaven.”

I never saw her after this. I used to call every day: but she was in such a state of exhaustion, that she could not bear the sound of a human voice. Her servant could only speak to her in whis-

pers, and even this she sometimes could not bear, and said, " You will kill me by whispers." The principle of life in her was so strong, that she continued in a dying state till the 9th of December. She was as helpless as a baby, and was treated as such. Every hour, all this time, was expected to be her last. She ate nothing, but took now and then a spoonful of milk, or toast and water. She was the astonishment of her medical men. One reason which prevented her seeing me arose from this. Her room had become exceedingly offensive at the termination of her disorder, on account of her helpless condition, as is the usual case with consumptive patients. Being a woman of extreme delicacy, she would not allow me to subject myself to such a distressing scene. She did not even see her medical men, who used daily to call. The little messages, however, which passed between us, were of the most satisfactory kind. Her servant told me that

she was always in prayer, and as calm and gentle as a lamb. She was often delirious. I found too that she remembered me much in her prayers.

On the 9th of December, about an hour before her death, she sent for Mrs. K., being anxious to try to get her servant out of the way, as she did not wish her to see her die. Mrs. K. then gave her one of my little messages. The rattle of death was in her throat. "Mr. Revell told me," said Mrs. K., "to tell you, that Christ was made perfect through his sufferings, and we through ours." To this she replied, "Bless him! bless him!" Mrs. K. then said, "I hope you are supported in the dark valley of the shadow of death by Christ your Saviour." She bowed assent, and struggling for life and gasping for breath said, "It is light to me." After awhile her powers of vision began to leave her, and not knowing the cause she said, "It has become dark—light a candle." A candle was lighted

and placed by her bed-side. She then kept her eyes fixed on the candle. and thus expired.

Thus died Mrs. Witty, a woman of singular depravity but eminent repentance. She was a thief, prostitute, and virtual suicide, of utter heartlessness, unbounded extravagance, and the most virulent temper. She was as depraved as she well could be—but she repented. In her we behold a stupendous display of mercy, watchful Providence, and a choice specimen of God's power to save, renew, and sanctify the soul. If a returning sinner can cause joy in heaven, surely the diadem of him, who in the Apocalypse, appeared with many crowns upon his head, receives additional lustre from such a penitent as this. She who in the days of her humility only expected to be a door-mat—to her surprise is made by Christ a very pillar in the temple of his God. As my prayers have gone be-

fore, so shall my soul follow her, to heaven. My affection for her is too strong to be weakened by time, and too holy to be destroyed by death. If indeed there be such a thing as repentance, hers indeed was that—a repentance which still lives in my memory, as it was once watered by my tears. While she is one of Christ's sheep—still she is one of mine—redeemed indeed by the blood of Jesus, but given to my poor prayers.

Believest thou, O Reader, in this woman's repentance?—"then go and do likewise"—"go and sin no more."

THE END,

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